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[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

UNFORGIVING FORGIVENESS.

"So, likewise, shall my Heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." (Matt. xviii. 35.)

"It is not so much what you say as the manner in which you say it; it is not so much the language you use as the tones in which you convey it."—*Yonah's Companion.*

"I stumbled," said one conscience-stricken; "I not only stumbled, but fell; and my heart with known guilt was stricken; I suffered the torments of hell."

"I went to the one I had injured, and asked him, 'Forgive me my sin.' My heart was pressed down with my trouble; there was for me no peace within."

"I stood on the last step of ruin—Nary, the first of a better life; But to climb the way unforgiven Was for me too much of a strife."

"And I went and asked for forgiveness—Received it in words truly clear, But the tone said, 'No! I condemn thee'; My heart received from it no cheer."

Words are hollow unfilled with heart-throb-bings; They are cold unwarmed by its fire; And without its tender emotions, Though of peace, speak loudly of ire.

There's forgiveness which does not forgive us; Who'd help us if God thus forgave? 'T would make heaven hell to receive us; We'd be lost, did God us thus save.

What if God's heart did not forgive us, Though pardon was pealed from the sky? E'en though brought to live in his presence, We would there in solitude die.

R. H. SINK.

ALASKA—VI.

A Summer Tour to the Wonderland of the North.

BY REV. H. V. ROMINGER.

On Thursday, Aug. 8th, after an outside passage through Cross Sound by sea of twelve hours, we were in Sitka, the capital of Alaska. The steamer, according to the regulation of the mail service, lies here twenty-four hours. A special edition of the *Alaskan*, a weekly newspaper, published at Sitka, is issued on steamer days, giving the names of all the passengers, and is sold at 10 cents a copy. The chief objects of interest, besides Indians and natural scenery, at Sitka are the old Russian buildings, the castle where the Russian Governors used to reside, the Greek church, the old, black houses, and the buildings belonging to the Mission of the Presbyterian Church. Four civilizations are represented in Sitka—the Russian, American, Indian and Chinese. The population is about 1,200, of whom 300 are white and the remainder Russian, half-breeds, Indians and Chinamen. The castle stands on an elevation near the wharf, but no vestige of the old glory remains to illuminate the dark, bare walls. Desolation reigns throughout the halls, and the wind whistles through windows and empty rooms, from which the plastering and ancient paper are crumbling. The steps leading up to the entrance are nearly rotted away, and when they disappear scaling ladders will have to be used to get up. The Russians left everything in good order when they retired from Sitka, in 1867, but now things are falling into ruin, the United States Government being indifferent, and nobody apparently caring for their sad fate. As some one said, the grand old castle, which was once the pride of all the Baronoffs and Radloffs, is now the worst of all the Badloffs. The curious shops of Sitka are well supplied and do a thriving business on steamer days. As we pass along over a tumble-down board walk to the end of the main street, across a small court, we see the most imposing building of Sitka, the Greek church. Its lofty dome and minarets, with three brass bells, cast in Russia, rise curiously in this far-off Alaska wilderness. The glory of this church, like everything around Sitka, is disappearing. The faded walls and roof, almost destitute of paint, tell a sad tale. It was once a cathedral, presided over by a Bishop, but has now only one priest, who ministers to a few hundred half-breeds and Indians, there being scarcely any native Russians left in Sitka.

On the payment of fifty cents each the tourists were admitted into the interior of the church, which is richly decorated in white and gold. The priest and his interpreter show you the gift and gold and silver ornaments, costly vestments and the Bishop's crown, said to be several hundred years old, almost covered with emeralds, sapphires and pearls. Some of these gems, with plate and other treasure, were stolen, it is supposed, by the vandal hands of an American soldier after the transfer in 1869, and only a few were recovered. One of the attractions of the church is a beautiful painting of the Madonna and child, copied from a celebrated picture at Moscow, and so largely covered with gold and silver that but little of the picture is to be seen, except the faces. The furnishings and surroundings remind us of the cathedrals of the Old World. The services are conducted in the old Slavonian language, which, it is safe to say, no

human being in Sitka, but the priest, perhaps, can understand, though the pomp, parade and show are said to be very attractive to the Indians.

Passing on beyond the Greek church, by some ancient Russian log houses and an old saw-mill, whose water-wheel is dropping into decay, we come to the Mission House and Training School of the Presbyterian church, in charge of Dr. Sheldon Jackson. These large and commodious buildings were erected in 1878, and occupy a beautiful site looking out on the Bay of Sitka, with a background of lofty mountains. The average attendance at the school is over 200 native Indian children, who receive a religious as well as industrial education, to fit them to become useful citizens. The girls are taught housekeeping and the boys useful trades. They make remarkable progress while here in the hands of their white teachers, but lose most of it when they go back to their own people. Some of the tourists attended a morning session of the school, and it was very interesting to see so many children, just a few months from their dirty savage homes, neatly dressed and singing gospel songs with spirit and effect in these far-off Alaska wilds. This school is aided by the United States Government, which also supports a public school in a neat modern building for white children.

As we go on beyond the training-school, along the curving line of the beach, we come to a beautiful promenade and well-graveled walk, built by the Russians, and which seems to be the only thing kept in repair at Sitka. This walk leads through the woods, under arching cedar trees and shrubbery, to the pretty Indian river, which is spanned by some rustic bridges. Some of the anglers, during the day, went up this stream, and secured a number of fine specimens of trout. The day we spent at Sitka was perfect in clear skies and balmy sunshine, and nothing could be more charming and romantic than the banks of the Indian river. While wandering in the bushes here, we came across the tent of a miner just returned from the Yukon country. As he stood there, tall and grand, his brawny arms bare, his shirt-bosom open, his long hair in the wind, he was a type of the old-time giants. He said he had worked hard all summer, but had made little.

As we stroll along the banks of the river, and look through the trees on the smooth bay and towering snow-covered mountains around, we have opportunity, also, to see the heart of the woods and the forest growth. If any one thinks nothing grows in Alaska, let him try to explore the neighborhood of Sitka. The white spruce, or Sitka pine, grows 150 to 200 feet high, and is from three to six feet in diameter. The red and yellow cedar of Alaska are most valuable timbers, and are found in great quantities. You can see wild flowers, devil's club, giant ferns, clover, timothy, and many other varieties of grasses, growing luxuriantly at nearly all places where the steamer stops.

About Sitka is quite a fine growth of grass, furnishing pasturage for cows nearly all the year round. The thermometer seldom reaches zero at Sitka. The average summer temperature is 51 to 55 degrees, and in midwinter is 31 to 33 degrees. Ice seldom forms, and skating is a rare amusement. The Indian village of Sitka occupies a site on the beach somewhat removed from the main town. Here we saw two rows of straggling houses, with canoes drawn up on shore, and strings of red salmon and haunches of venison drying in the sun. Wild game of all kinds can be had very cheap at Sitka, and fish are a drug in the market. Vegetables, such as potatoes, cabbages, beans, peas, turnips and onions, can be raised sufficiently to supply all needs. A veteran miner with whom we conversed, who had been in all parts of the country, was enthusiastic about the advantages of Sitka, declaring it to be better for a poor man than any place he had ever been in.

The bay and scenery of Sitka have been compared to Naples, but Naples is said not to be so massive nor near so grand. The harbor has one thousand verdant islets, against which the swell of the Pacific is broken into quiet. Back of the town the beetling crags frown down in awful majesty. Behind these is a battlement of snow-clad mountains. Joining hands with these at either end are the volcanic peaks of Edgecumbe and Vestoria, lifted high against the firmament of blue. During the Mexican war Sitka was the metropolis and most important maritime town on the western coast of America north of Mexico. Here the Russians had a ship-yard, foundries, and manufactories of agricultural implements, which were shipped to California and Mexico. Some of the bells on the mission churches of California were cast at the Sitka foundry. But all this industry has now disappeared.

Any time is the proper one for saying what is just.—*Sophocles.*

THE INAUGURATION BALL AND THE MINISTERIAL PROTEST.

The early plans, preparations and announcements of the great quadrennial dance at Washington provoke inquiry. The Presidential election was but fairly over, and the returns in, when this questionable feature was thrust forward, and made chiefly prominent in connection with the ceremonies of inauguration. At this distance, it has really seemed that all the ceremonies properly belonging to the inauguration were to have a secondary place—at least, the tenor of the dispatches from time to time has magnified the ball beyond any other feature of the occasion.

After this activity in its behalf had gone on several weeks, we were at last apprised of a courteous and kindly protest by a portion of the pastors in the cities of Columbus, O., and Indianapolis, Ind. This protest by reputable and able Christian ministers proved a signal for sneers and a volley of epithets by some of the secular press. Among them, the leading daily of Oregon, in its issue of January 4th, has a full column editorial of disapproving attack upon the protesting pastors and their position. The waspish spirit of the writer tries to sting with words sharpened and thrust forth by an unprovoked hostility. These pastors are "pinchbeck moralists." They are "petty pulpites." They are a "fool faction" that indulges "ridiculous reform rant" and "utterly ignores common sense." Their effort is "silly"; it is an "absurd crusade" growing out of an "absurd philosophy." "This absurd moral philosophy lies at the bottom of the brains that shudder at the thought of a State ball." Such speech is more than unmerited and unjust; it is to an inexcusable extent uncivil. It tries to insult a class of citizens of choicest character and highest intelligence. This, however, is a very small matter, so far as Christian ministers are concerned personally. They pity the poor author of such paragraphs, rather than take offense. But the serious mischief of these utterances lurks in the gross misrepresentation of Christian ministers, made to the thousands of readers of this journal throughout the Pacific Northwest. Multitudes of our people are already prejudiced against any positive form of Christianity, and are thus prepared beforehand to accept whatever may be said against its ministers, no matter how extravagant and unjust. Many more, who may not be prejudiced, but are entirely indifferent, are led into, and confirmed in, hurtful misconception of the gospel ministry, so that its influence with large masses of our people is greatly crippled or wholly destroyed.

The journal in question, like other great dailies of the country, has enterprise, excellence and power. Indeed, it is too strong and able to descend to such coarse and untruthful vituperation. It is strong enough to be courteous and fair, and to behave otherwise is mere wantonness. It is a sad pity to spoil the costly intiment of excellence in our secular press by these dead flies of misconception and misrepresentation; and it were well, too, to remember that the moral responsibility of secular journalism is just as vast and solemn as its opportunity of influence for good.

And now, respecting these protesting pastors, two or three facts should be set forth:

First, they are sensible men. They are not fanatics. They are not "silly." They have studied this dance question in its profoundest spirit, tendencies and results. They know its fatal effect upon the vital godliness of their churches. In varying degrees its breath blights all the fruits of the Spirit. They know how, on one side, it is in league with the worst vices that scourge society, and how, on the other side, it fosters a spirit of vanity, arouses a passion for display, and urges on to the extreme of extravagance; and that there is no safe middle ground uninfected by the miasma of sheer worldliness.

Second, these pastors are men socially sympathetic. They are not ascetics either in disposition, theory or habit. The life of the recluse is repellant to their every instinct. It is not in their heart to impose needless restrictions upon their fellows. They profess a faith in which fellowship and joy are chief elements. Naturally, they wish to gladden the lives in their churches and parishes with all the sweets and delights possible to people, while at the same time consistent with righteousness and usefulness.

Third, these protesting pastors are gentlemen. Hannah More used to say of St. Paul that he was a perfect gentleman. Though by nature so positive and resolute in opinion and will, he never forgot to be, even in circumstances most exasperating and embarrassing, courteous and respectful. These Christian ministers who protest against the modern dance are not unlike the gentlemanly Paul in courage or demeanor. They are not rude and ill-mannered. They are not proposing to violate common

sense proprieties. It is no part of their wish or plan rashly to assail the President-elect, or any other person concerned. But, having the courage of their convictions, they are minded to lift aloft the standard of righteousness against a subtle and infectious evil that seeks to insinuate itself into the exercises of a great national occasion, in high-handed disregard of a numerous and worthy citizenship who "abhor that which is evil," and cannot consent to be compromised with it on any terms.

A principle of peculiar point and strength sustains the protest. It is justified on the very ground upon which it has been condemned—viz., the ground of individual liberty and privilege. If a portion of citizens wish to have a ball in Washington on next March 4th, let them do so entirely in their private capacity. So much is certainly their liberty. But the trouble just here with the proposed inauguration ball is that it commits the nation as a whole to the performance. It is, in fact, a state ball, and at least semi-official, so that the President, even, has not the liberty of private judgment and preference in the premises. He may disapprove, yet he is under a despotism of pressure to attend—lend it his presence, if nothing more. And the thousands of citizens who disapprove are, in spite of themselves, committed, in the name of their beloved country and honored President, to what they hold to be an evil witchery of ensnaring charms and satanic pollutions. The dancers have their way. In the name of private and personal liberty they trample the fair and pregnant right of American citizenship under reckless feet. Our pastors do well to protest in the name both of free citizenship and of the kingdom of righteousness. May they continue to sound their protest in trumpet tones, and let every true voice in the land join in their loyal outcry!

E.

EASTERN WASHINGTON.

Very encouraging news comes from Sprague. Rev. D. E. Davis takes hold of the work with vigor, and the progress is evident all along the lines. There were present at the Sunday-school on January 1st, 104. Over 100 present in the evening service—about seventy-five of them young men. On said Sunday the pastor was assisted by General Missionary T. W. Walters, when three infants were baptized and three united with the church. They report progress also at Ritzville. The Week of Prayer was observed, the pastor, Rev. E. J. Singer, preaching every evening excepting Monday, when General Missionary Walters preached. Two united with the church last communion.

At Pasco, services are held at present in a boarding-house. Some are soon to be added to the church. Four lots have been secured and \$400 subscribed toward building a church.

At Medical Lake our church meets in the Baptist church edifice, and cannot occupy it oftener than once a month. They are planning to build early in the spring, which will, doubtless, give stimulus to the work. There is great need of a church edifice at Farmington, also, being at present dependent on the Methodists for a place of worship. Even under such circumstances Rev. F. V. Hoyt is successful, but much more could be accomplished if the conditions were more favorable.

There is great need of a church edifice at Tekoa—a new field—at once. At Genesee, Idaho, the terminus of the Spokane and Palouse Railroad, there is a promising field. A church edifice should be erected here at once. Lots have already been selected. Superintendent Beard and General Missionary Walters are, at this writing, holding a series of meetings at this place, and are likely to organize a church ere they leave.

The last report from the Colville country is that the Sunday-schools organized by Deacon Andrus at Chewelah and Colville are doing well. It is to be regretted that Rev. A. L. Seward of Coalville, Utah, left this field so suddenly. Even in the short time he spent in this country he won the hearts of the people. It is very important that this vast and neglected field be occupied at once.

Rev. J. Edwards and Deacon G. R. Andrus have planned to conduct a series of meetings at Marshall, eight miles from Spokane Falls, this week. The Week of Prayer was observed by the evangelical churches of this city generally but separately. The Congregational church held meetings every evening, adopting the Evangelical Alliance subjects. Different members of the church led the meetings. This church has elected and re-elected six deacons, and the Sunday-schools have officiated for the ensuing year. There are 220 on the roll of the two Sunday-schools.

J. E.

Speaker William E. Barrett was thirty years and four days old when he was inaugurated.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1723 Geary street, S. F.

LETTER FROM MISS GUNNISON.

MATSUYAMA CASTLE, JAPAN,
Sept. 22, 1888.

Dear Friends of the Young Ladies' Branch: Sitting to-day in the fourth story of this old castle, where I can look down upon the surrounding country, my thoughts wander many miles away, and I see in my fancy the dear friends across the sea, and can almost believe some of them are here with me enjoying the beauties of nature that lie before me. Matsuyama is two hundred miles south-west of Kobe, and two hundred and fifty miles distant from Nara, where my last letter to you was written. The city surrounds a hill which is about five hundred feet high, and on this hill stands the castle—a relic of feudal time in Japan. It was built two hundred and eighty years ago, but a portion of it was struck by lightning and destroyed sixty years ago. This portion was rebuilt twenty years later, and it is now twenty years since the revolution in the politics of Japan, when the Daimio, or feudal lord, vacated the castle, and went to live in Tokyo. The place now belongs to the military, and no one ever visits it unless by special permission. The city looks very beautiful as we look down upon it, with its grey-roofed houses, making a pretty contrast with the numerous shrubs and green trees. From this upper floor, which consists of one large room, we have four beautiful views—to the north is a combination of mountains, plains, lakes, islands, and the sea; to the east, nothing but mountains can be seen; to the south, it is still mountainous, but much more distant, the plain between us and the mountains being much broader than on the other sides; westward we see a portion of the inland sea dotted with islands, the view being intercepted here and there by a hill rising abruptly in the plain. From a distance, this castle is a very pretty sight—its white walls, with black roofs and trimmings, rising up very picturesquely above the tall pines, which cover the hill thickly on all sides; but, inside the building, it is very dark and dreary, immense timbers support the several stories, and the light is admitted through openings, which may be closed by heavy wooden shutters. We went into the great, dark dungeon on the ground floor, where the Daimio was expected to commit suicide, if defeated in war. The approach to the castle, after one reaches the top of the hill, leads this way and that through seven cumbersome gates. I wondered, as we walked slowly along, what tales of bloodshed the old stones around us might tell if they could speak. The last Daimio who lived here was much beloved by his people, and his departure was made amidst weeping and wailing, and petitions for him to remain. Many persons looked upon him as a god, and even bowed before him in worship as he passed through the streets of the city. This man-worship may have entirely ceased here; but moon-worship, quite as revolting, to my mind, has not.

A few days since, I observed something in one of the rooms of our hotel which I had not seen before. On a low stand was a very large bouquet, two dishes of food, and two small vases, each containing a piece of paper creased to look like a fan. Subsequently, I learned that these things were placed there in honor of the moon, who was kindly showing her full face in the sky that night. One of the dishes contained potatoes, and the other a kind of dumpling made of rice flour. In September potatoes are dedicated to the moon, and in October beans are dedicated to the queen of the heavens, and people stay up until midnight worshipping her.

October 17th.—Looking over the foregoing part of any letter, I see that I have overstepped myself in telling you about the castle and other things before saying one word as to how I came to be in Matsuyama. In these days that have passed since laying my pen aside, thoughts and thoughts have crowded my brain, but pressure of daily duties has driven them out, and now they must lie in their graves, for time will not permit their resurrection. You must not think that Kobe is no longer my home, for I am simply "camping out" in Matsuyama for a few weeks, to render a little assistance to a struggling school, supported by the Japanese. Some of you may have read in the *Missionary Herald*, a

very earnest appeal from the deacons of the Church here for missionary help. If you have, you will not wonder that I wanted to come and help in their school, for one term, at least. It was not easy to leave Kobe even for a short time, but somehow I could not help doing so. There are no other foreigners in this city, nor within a number of miles of it, I suppose; but I am not lonely, for the Japanese friends are so very kind. Although very few can converse with me, the faces of all speak volumes of kind feeling, and I am constantly receiving gifts of flowers, or fruit, or rice, the last being prepared in what the Japanese consider a very dainty way. While in the hotel, about nineteen days, my meals consisted of Japanese food, and my appetite was excellent. I am not prepared to say, however, that I should like to live on Japanese food the rest of my life. I am now settled very cozily in four sunny rooms—the upper floor of a house, of which the lower floor is occupied by a good-natured, but somewhat noisy family who enjoy their tobacco every evening, somewhat to my discomfort. The part of the city in which I am located is beautiful—in whatever direction one may look from my windows, trees and gardens abound, and the tops of the lovely mountains appear in the distance. But the work here is so fascinating—far more attractive than the beauties of nature. Opportunities to tell the "old old story" abound; that is, for one who knows the language. It is my earnest desire that the time may come when my hands shall not be so tied with school duties that no time or strength is left for study.

There are very flourishing schools here—a kindergarten, of one hundred scholars, a public school, comprising all grades from the lowest to the high school, and a normal school of one hundred and thirty students. There is also a large fort here, in which several hundred soldiers and normal school students attend the Sabbath services; sometimes a number of them stand outside of the church door, or windows to listen to the sermon, which is not always easily heard, even within a few feet of the pulpit, owing to a noisy weaving machine next door, and the crying of infants amongst the congregation.

Would that you could all drop in for a few moments this afternoon to enjoy my cozy little rooms with me—indeed, I might ask you to dine with me—but my stove is very wee and my table is not very large. You might think this is fairy housekeeping.

My next letter to you will be written at Kobe, I presume, as my return thither is fixed in my mind for the 21st of December. Pray for God's blessing upon the work here, and upon our dear Kobe school. We must have some missionaries for Matsuyama next fall. Ask God to send just the right ones for the place. With loving prayers,
Your sister in Christ,
EFFIE E. GUNNISON.

NEW BUILDING FOR THE YOUNG MEN.

The growth of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city during the past eight years has been something quite remarkable. Their building is the third largest in the country; but, notwithstanding this fact, have completely outgrown it. The last year has been the most successful in the history of the institution. The management have determined to make an effort to secure a new and much larger and improved building for meeting the growing demands of the work. The following gentlemen are the Committee on a New Building: Robert Bal-four, Chairman; William H. Crocker, Nathaniel Gray, Captain Charles Good-all, Monroe Greenwood, A. B. Forbes, Walter N. Hawley. The present property on Sutter street is estimated worth nearly \$200,000, and no debts whatever. The fifty and a half vara lot, corner of Mason and Ellis streets, has been selected as the best possible site for the new building, and the Committee has settled on this lot. Already it has been bonded and some \$8,000 paid. There seems to be a great deal of interest manifested in the project, and the probabilities are that within a year or eighteen months San Francisco may be able to boast of one of the finest Young Men's Christian Association buildings in the world.

On the second page of to-day's paper will be found a letter from Rev. O. H. Gulick, D.D., of Kumamoto, Japan, on the transfer of our churches to the Presbyterian Church; also, a document, issued from Tokyo, by Osaka Masayuki and Takegoshi Yosaburo, the latter an editor.

The sermon by Rev. E. P. Farnham, pastor of the First Baptist church, Salem, Mass., published in the *Watchman* of December 27th, sets forth in an excellent manner the spirit, purpose and struggles of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims.

JAPANESE VIEW OF UNION WITH
PRESBYTERIANS IN JAPAN.

LETTER FROM REV. O. H. GULICK.

EDITORS PACIFIC: You may have heard ere this from other sources of the results of the convention of delegates from many of our churches, which met in Osaka, November 23d. The Committee spent little or no time in discussing the presented form of proposed constitution of the Church of Christ in Japan, but held very earnest debates upon the question of the proposed union with the Presbyterians, appointed a new committee, and postponed the further consideration of the subject till next May, at which time our churches hold their regular annual meeting. During the interval, the whole question of the proposed union and of the basis, or any new basis that may be laid out by the new committee, will be fully discussed by the churches. Unless some basis quite different from the printed proposed constitution, issued last May, can be devised, it is not at all probable that our churches—the Kumi-ai churches—as a body, will accept or enter into a union with the Presbyterian churches. The ball has been set in motion, and discussion of the subject is the first order of the day.

Inclosed please find copy of an abstract of a letter published in the Japanese language, in Tokyo, November 29th, and sent to this Church in Kumamoto. It is, doubtless, also sent by the two writers to all of our Kumi-ai churches. This is a free translation, made by myself, of the document. If you can make use of it, or any part of it, in your paper, please do so. If not, please forward it to Dr. Holbrook. It will cheer his heart. I send a copy of this same to Dr. N. G. Clark, in Boston, notifying him that I also send you a copy. Yours truly,
ORRAMEL H. GULICK.
Kumamoto, Japan, Dec. 22, 1888.

OBJECTIONS OF THE JAPANESE.

[Abstract of a document issued from Tokyo November 29, 1888, by Osaiko Masayuki and Takegoshi Yosaburo, till within a month or so an editor of the *Kinto Kyo Shinbun*.]

"Objections to the proposed constitution" (union) of the Church of Christ in Japan:

I. That the Renkwai is to be composed of delegates from the churches, and also of the Bishops. Five hundred or 1,000 Christians cannot send a single delegate to the Renkwai, except through the Bukwai; but each Bishop is a member. This is rule by the aristocracy. It looks as if Bishops ruled by Divine right. Thus the liberties of the many are destroyed.

II. The "Renkwai may establish or assume connection with Christian schools"—"may organize and determine the bounds of Bukwai." It is said that the church is the source of power, the power of the churches make Bukwai, Bukwai form Renkwai; but, by the above passages, we see the order of power reversed. Here the power comes from above! To-day even the civil governments recognize that the true source of power rests with the people, and proceeds upwards through the various offices of government; and a government from above is considered an evil, and secular governments are abandoning the idea of such government. Shall our Church government, now that that place is abandoned by secular governments, advance this old abandoned idea as if it were some new discovery? A Japanese proverb, "*Hito no hui ni naru*"—to imitate the sick man's countenance; to imitate something weak or evil—shall we do this in church government?

III. "The Sokwai shall uphold truth and righteousness throughout the Renkwai, Bukwai and churches." Truly, this is catholic! This is something fearful! With whatever eloquence this passage is explained, all must concede that the Sokwai is the great government (imperial government); this is the very palace—the papal palace of the supreme power of the Church of Christ in Japan. Here we see the seat of ecclesiastical power. How can we fail to fear this august power?

IV. The proposed constitution lays no foundation for the local or individual churches, but begins with the Bukwai, like the ancient governments of the Asiatic continent, who did not build upon the individual, but upon the family. On that plan the government cared not if a man committed *harakiri*, for the government was not founded upon the individual, but upon the household and upwards; so of this plan of church government—it does not take note of the individual church, but of the aggregate assembled in Bukwai.

V. Of the Courts: We are led to suppose that with the spread of the power and influence of the Church the number of criminals, even among the world's people, will be diminished, and we may hope that in the church, offenders will be very rare indeed. But, it is argued, if there should be even one offender some law would be needed for this one; and behold we have seventeen papers of rules for the establishment and conduct of courts! This is quite surprising.

VI. It is said that the Church is independent and has the power of self-government. But all the power mentioned is vested in the Bukwai, and the higher assemblies. What kind of power, we ask, is left for the church? The power of the life and death of the individual church is vested in these assemblies. At the pleasure of these bodies a church can come into existence, and at their pleasure the church continues to live, or is extinguished.

VII. "Renkwai consists of a representative from each church together with all the bishops within a district including three or more Bukwai." This gives bishops great power of the ballot. But where there are not three Bukwai there can be no representation in Renkwai. No such failure of representation can be permitted in a secular representative government. A community cannot thus be deprived of representation.

VIII. We have enumerated these failures of the proposed constitution, if the churches should adopt it. The secular government will advance in the line of more and more popular liberty, and the church will be left far in the rear of the secular government in point of individual liberty. Look at Buddhism; it is falling to decay. One cause of this is the falsity of its doctrine, but one cause of its decay also is that it has lagged behind. The secular government is giving liberty and light. Look at America (United States); its form of government is much more liberal than the proposed constitution for our churches.

IX. Some are zealous for union on account of the local convenience of such an arrangement; but that is a short-sighted view of the matter. Such a proposed union affects the whole country, and we must consider whether when the union is effected there will be one unity within it. We must not lose sight of the fact that it will be an irretrievable loss to sacrifice truth for the sake of convenience.

We do not look at this question from the standpoint of a Kumi-ai church member or an Ichi church member. We look at it as in the presence of a progressive civil government; we look at its probable effects a hundred years to come. This proposed constitution is aristocratic in its tendency, and only aristocratic. It reminds one only of ancient history. Now, our country is progressive. If a church is now formed that is retrogressive, it will not be able to do much for the country.

We want an earnest, liberty-giving, liberty conserving Church constitution. If one asks, "What kind of a constitution is that?" our reply is ready—"The unwritten constitution of the Kumi-ai (Congregational) churches."

Brethren, we are not retainers of the Kumi-ai churches, nor do we present the argument from any sectarian bias. We are friends of the nineteenth century civilization, and any constitution that is not in the line with this will not do. We are pointed at as bigoted and conservative by those who desire to consummate this union, but those who thus point are themselves the bigots and conservatives. They are the Catos and Brutuses who wish to carry Rome back to the era of Romulus. Their course is as if Washington had sought to carry the United States back to the time of Alfred. They would find carry us back to the era before Meiji (the reign of the present Emperor). They are the Browns who would have carried the world back to the times before Queen Elizabeth.

If we are to be called conservatives and bigots because we are not ready to adopt such a reactionary constitution as this, then we rejoice so to be called.

Brethren, do not forget that the rejection or adoption of this constitution is a step that should be looked at in its probable effects for a thousand years to come. Do not let the future historian record that in such a year of Meiji such a blunder was made in the adoption of such a constitution.

[Signed]
OSAKO MASAYUKI,
TAKEGOSHI YOSABURO.

P. S.—The above document is by the hands of two writers, but expresses the thoughts of a multitude. Many hold these sentiments, but, not being at hand, they cannot unite with us in signing this paper, so only our two names appear. We give this paper as our answer to many inquirers.

"AN ENEMY HATH DONE THIS."

Below the readers will find a true copy of a "circular" and a "financial report." It is the latest publication of the so-called "League of Freedom," and designed only for private circulation among its own membership. It was never intended for the public; but, believing the general public interest will be promoted by its circulation through the press, we have copied both from originals. It is asserted by those who claim to know the facts that two-thirds the signatures represent native Americans, many of the latter being Native Sons of the Golden West. It is evident that liquor men and Sunday-destroying people are allied against a day of rest for cessation from toil and divine worship.

"OFFICE OF THE LEAGUE OF FREEDOM," 536 Kearny Street, "SAN FRANCISCO, DEC. 1, 1888."
"Dear Sir: The Executive Committee of the League of Freedom takes this opportunity to submit to the members of the League a brief description of the work which has been performed by your Committee during the past seven years. In 1887, when the Supreme Court declared the Sunday law constitutional, and when, in consequence of such decision, some two thousand arrests were made by the authorities at the instigation of fanatical persons, your Committee intervened in such a manner that it hardly annoyed any of the members of the League, saving them the trouble of being arrested at their places of business, and being marched through the streets to prison. Your Committee had prepared bail bonds for each member in advance, and, as soon as arrested, each member was bailed out. A complete list of all members of the League so arrested was

immediately handed to the two attorneys for the League, who represented all members in the two departments of the Police Court. Jury trials were demanded in each instance; some hundred cases were tried, resulting in five convictions, several disagreements and many acquittals. The League, during this time, addressed thousands of circulars and letters to parties interested with us, for the purpose of organizing branch leagues in every county in the State, with the view of taking united action in electing a Legislature pledged to repeal to us obnoxious sections of the Penal Code relating to Sunday observance.

"The effect of this thorough organization resulted in the appeal of the Sunday law. The consequent dismissal of all pending Sunday-law cases is still fresh in the minds of each member, and, therefore, your Committee need say no more regarding it, except that the League of Freedom has ever since remained organized, has established branch leagues in every county in the State, and stands ever ready to battle for the object for which it was created—viz., mutual protection against any and all infringements upon our personal rights.

"The League, in union with kindred associations, as the Traders' Association, the Retail Grocers' Protective Union, the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' and the Brewers' Protective Association, have always been on the alert at general elections every other year to see to it that nominees of the different political parties (particularly of the Prohibition party), who might be suspected as being inimical to our business interests, would not be elected to office. The League, therefore, has always been and will continue to be of vast importance and great benefit to its members, as has been shown again in 1886, when it contended successfully against the adoption of an exorbitant high license, which was asked for through a petition presented to the Board of Supervisors on January 12th, on the retail sale of wines, malt and spirituous liquors, and which, in case of having been adopted, would have prevented thousands of persons from earning their support, thereby inflicting unjust hardships upon them and their families, and making worthless business properties which have cost years of labor to accumulate.

"The Prohibition and high-license parties have ever since become more zealous to further oppress the liquor-dealers. Those fanatics have succeeded in several counties of our beautiful, wine-culturing State to overburden our business associates with an exorbitant high license, and they are now preparing to further encroach on our vested liberties by the introduction of sumptuary laws in the next Legislature. To protect our rights and interests, the League of Freedom must stand firmly and ready again to fight our mutual enemies, and asks all those interested in the welfare of our business interests and personal rights, and who have not yet joined our roll of membership, to avail themselves of the opportunity given by the League of Freedom and become associate members of our strong organization. The expense attached to membership is comparatively very small—most of the needed funds being liberally contributed by the wholesale merchants and the brewers. New members pay an initiation fee of \$1, and in times of emergency special assessments of not over \$1 are levied, there being no other regular dues at all.

"The League, at its last general meeting, on October 26, 1888, elected new officers and an Executive Committee of twenty-five, as per list of names herewith appended.

"Applications for membership will be received at the office of the League, No. 536 Kearny street, by the Secretary, or at No. 303 Battery street, by the President. By order of the Executive Committee of the League of Freedom.

"R. J. HARRISON, Pres.
"L. F. DOLDER, Sec."

OFFICERS OF THE LEAGUE OF FREEDOM.

President, R. J. Harrison, 303 Battery street; Vice-Presidents—J. F. Bolts, 308 Kearny street; Jas. O'Connor, 217 Mason street; Recording Secretary, L. F. Dolder, 642 Jackson street; Corresponding Secretary, C. Hildebrandt, southeast corner Montgomery and Broadway; Treasurer, M. Hencken, 208 and 210 Front street; Sergeant-at-arms, A. Meyer, 2016 Fillmore street.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

A. Assmusen, 401 Eighth street; M. Lane, 326 Davis street; M. W. Bergin, 720 Harrison street; O. W. Lilkendey, Francisco and Powell streets; R. Brainard, 308 Kearny street; J. C. Nobmann, 2401 California street; J. Cronin, Eighth and Howard streets; M. Nunan, 1225-1229 Howard street; H. Doscher, Hayes and Laguna streets; L. Pockwitz, 100 Turk street; A. Gerdes, 743 Ellis street; Henry Pilster, 515 Bryant street; F. Hagemann, Jr., 717-715 Everett street; P. Shea, 1403-1405 Folsom street; V. Hassmer, 933 Washington street; J. G. W. Schulte, 710 Haight street; J. T. Hurley, 637 Grove street; M. Smadeke, 1201 Mission street; P. Kelly 235 Fell street; John D. Siebe, 328-336 Sansome street; F. Kaufmann, 901-905 Mission street; D. Vossbrinck, 269 East street; Wm. Kreling, 28-32 Eddy street; J. H. Winter, 600 Haight street; Herm. W. Wieland, 228-240 Second street.

FINANCIAL REPORT.

Following is the financial report of the League of Freedom, San Francisco, Cal., from November 3, 1881, to November 12, 1888:

RECEIPTS.
To sundry assessments and contributions.....\$6,390 00
To Traders' Association.....634 00
To Retail Grocers' Protective Union.....294 00
To Brewers' Association.....1,040 00
To Wholesale Merchants.....1,030 50
Total.....\$9,388 50

DISBURSEMENTS.
By Secretary's and Clerk's salaries.....\$2,117 00
By election expenses.....2,084 00
By attorney's fees.....1,525 00
By printing expenses.....1,084 15
By Postage.....705 90
By stationery.....196 75
By advertising.....185 00
By hall and office rents and sundry expenses.....163 60
Total.....\$8,061 40

To cash balance in hands of Treas. \$1,327 10

R. J. HARRISON, Pres.
L. F. DOLDER, Rec. Sec.
M. HENCKEN, Treas.

C. HILDEBRANDT,
Jas. O'Connor, Com.
J. G. SCHULTE,
Nov. 12, 1888.

N. B.—An assessment of one dollar has been levied by order of the Executive Committee, L. of F., which all members are requested to pay before December 31, 1888, to L. F. Dolder, Recording Secretary, at office, No. 536 Kearny street, between the hours of 10 A. M. to 12 M., and 2 to 4 P. M., or at office 303 Battery street (Harrison & Co.). Any desired information given on application to the undersigned.

L. F. DOLDER, Rec. Sec. L. of F.

THE GOSPEL ALL-POWERFUL: SALOONS OR NO SALOONS!

MISTAKES OF PROHIBITIONISTS.

EDITORS OF THE PACIFIC: Will you kindly permit a constant reader of your paper to express therein some thoughts suggested by some articles that appeared in its columns awhile since, in regard to prohibition? The fact was then stated that paid advocates of prohibition assert from the platform and pulpit that if the drunkard will accept Jesus Christ as a Saviour, and trust in him, no matter how weak he may be in himself, Jesus is able to save, and will save him; but after the public meeting is over these same men declare with great emphasis that he cannot do so while the saloon is permitted to exist. This the writer has heard asserted more than once, and has thereby been impressed by the inconsistency of the speaker, as well as with his undervaluation of the power and supremacy of our divine Lord, unto whom is given all power in heaven and in earth, and who, in his invitation to all who labor and are heavy laden, does not except those whose burdens are too heavy or whose temptations are too strong. These men qualify the words of our Lord at John 3: 28: "I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand," by adding, "provided they escape the temptation of the saloon."

I would not so limit the grace of God or the power of Jesus Christ. On the contrary, I would declare to every slave of drink in the land that my Saviour can save him if he will trust him and stand in his strength, though all the saloons on earth, leagued with Satan himself, sought to drag him down to perdition.

I see it stated that "Mr. Moody, God's chosen servant, dared not preach the gospel in Chicago until he had sent an apostle of temperance in advance, because the saloons beat him." Yes, they might beat him, but can they beat Moody's God? Another chosen servant of God once fled before the wrath of a wicked woman, because, as he said, the enemies of God were too strong for him to stand before them, and he was ready to give up the contest and die. But what said the Lord God of Hosts to Elijah: "Go, stand on the mount before Jehovah," and there the prophet witnessed the alacrity and resistless power with which some of God's loyal servants obey his commands and execute his decrees; and when next he was exposed to danger he did not betake himself to flight, but called upon the fire from heaven to protect him.

Another instructive incident to those who think the means ordained of God are too weak or insufficient, and seek to improve upon them, is recorded at Num. xx: 8-11. If Mr. Moody's faith is at times weak and he is inclined to mistrust the means of divine appointment, he certainly has illustrious companions in Elijah and Moses.

We constantly hear preaching from such texts as these: "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith Jehovah," and "Is not my word like fire?" saith Jehovah, "and like the hammer breaking the rock in pieces?" and "The Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." But when it is advocated that we rely upon these God-appointed means, we are told that we must admit of certain qualifying interlineations. When the faith of the Church rests upon the power of God, and not on the wisdom of men, God will honor his word and the faith of his people. The Bible gives numerous instances where God employed human agencies for the punishment of his people; but I do not recall one where he used such for their protection or upbuilding. On the contrary, his prophets denounce as disloyal to him those who go down to Egypt for help, and trust in human devices instead of relying upon him for aid.

I do not read that, before going to Ephesus, which was about as wicked a city as Chicago, Paul thought it necessary to send any one before him to have the temple of Diana demolished and the trade of Demetrius broken up by legal

process; neither did he mistrust the power of the gospel when he preached it at Corinth, to the salvation of fornicators, idolaters, adulterers, thieves, covetous, drunkards, revilers and extortioners, as written in 1 Cor. vi: 9-11; and he knew nothing among them save Jesus Christ and him crucified, though he was well aware that this was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; neither did he preach the Cross of Christ with wisdom of words, as if it needed the aid of man's wisdom, for he believed that the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men, which the writer accepts without any qualification.

I think it is indisputable that, from the time of Constantine to this day, wherever and whenever the Church has asked and obtained help from the civil power, it has been cursed thereby; and it looks as if this attempt to enlist the State in doing the work committed to the Church by its Head—viz., that of saving men—is to result in the same way; and it surely will, if, as appears to be the strong tendency in some directions, the pulpit thinks of and preaches "the gospel of p-r-o-h-i-b-i-t-i-o-n" as of greater efficacy in the saving of men than is the gospel of the grace of God. Isn't this giving of the first place to the closing of the saloons before men can be saved in practice, relegating the power of the Cross to a secondary place, and exposing the Church to a charge of trusting in an arm of flesh?

If Jesus Christ could and did save the jailer at Philippi amid all the depravity of his surroundings, he can and will save every one who believes on him, whether he is a drunkard or not; and he will not save any who refuse to believe on him, even if they are not drunkards; and for every one who fails of eternal life because of this sin, there are at least ten who fail of gaining it because of other sins. Read the list of those who fail at Rev. xxi: 8. The drunkard is not named there, though from other Scriptures we know that he will be excluded from that blessed country into which nothing impure can enter.

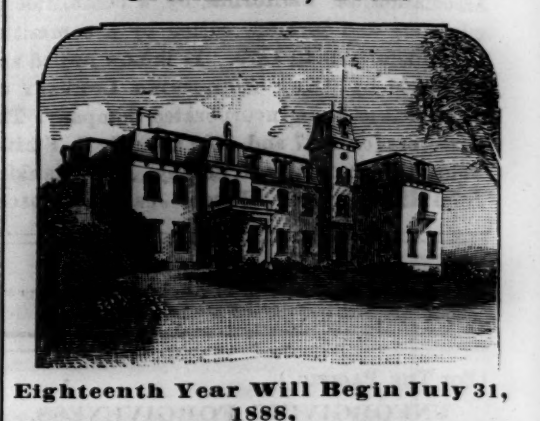
It is asked, "Where are the boys brought up in the Sunday-school taught in youth of the necessity of Christ, as well as of his power to save unto the uttermost?" Wherever they are, they are not all in the saloon; neither are the greater part of them there. The majority of the Sunday-school boys of a generation ago are the reputable merchants, farmers, mechanics and professional men of today; but they are not in the churches—not because the influence of the saloon keeps them away, but because, seeing Christians largely patronizing the theater, the card party, and the ball-room, they conclude that it makes no great difference whether they are in the church or not, for it is all about the same thing, and they are on a par with the great bulk of church members.

The theater is the main building in the capital of Satan's empire, with the brothel for one wing and the saloon for the other, with the ball-room in the basement, easily accessible to either wing; yet no church, so far as I know, interdicts the theater; and only the Roman Catholic the ball-room; and yet the Prohibitionists imply that the saloon does all the mischief. There are plenty of ex-Sunday-school scholars who are not in the Church—not because they are in the saloon, but because they are off hunting, or fishing, on Sunday; or they are at the baseball game; or they are driving with friends, and come home to an elaborate dinner, and go to the theater in the evening. It is not the saloon which captures all the absentees from Church, by any means, though it does its full share of the work; but, if every saloon in the land were closed to-day, I doubt if the attendance at the churches next Sunday would be perceptibly increased. The trouble lies deeper than saloons, or theaters, or ball-rooms; it is in an evil heart of unbelief; and the patronage of these resorts is only the visible manifestation of the inward disposition; and, until this is changed, you may close one by one, the avenues by which the natural man seeks to depart from God, and it will only result in the opening of new ones.

The last commission of our ascended Lord to his apostles was prefaced by the assurance that "all power was given him in heaven and in earth"; therefore, they were to go and disciple all nations. If men will accept the offers of his grace, he is almighty to save; but, if they despise and reject them, he is almighty to destroy.

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

Who does not feel the need of a friend to help bear burdens? Nothing seems more pitiful than a soul struggling under the load of life alone—except that sometimes that is the only way we can be brought to know the sympathy of our great Burden-Bearer, then it becomes the sweetest lesson of our life. But Jesus said, "As my father hath sent me into the world, even so send I you." His work and mission he commits to his followers, and he teaches us by many blessed passages in the word that we should bear to each other the same relation of helpful sympathy that he bears towards us all, and that the ground of that helpfulness should be in us as in him, unwearingly, unselfish love. Love! no wonder the apostles sung of it in the inspired strains of the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. What can bear burdens for another as love can bear them? "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." His law is Love.

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HER SMILE HIS SUNLIGHT.

Sweetheart, when rhymes I make
For your dear sake,
You bring
Into your face a smile,
To cheer me while
I sing.

Like to that bird am I,
Which, when the sky
At night
A deeper azure grows,
No longer knows
Delight;

Or like of flowers that one
Which loves the sun,
And gives
The beauty of its bloom
To him for whom
It lives.

Pleasure nor joy to bless
Have I unless
Your face
Over my paper shines,
And lights the lines
With grace.

For me your smile is day—
The golden ray
That climbs
Imagination's wall
And sweetens all
My rhymes.

For you the bird's song, this—
The flower's fresh kiss
And breath;
Nor may their nightfall come
Till both are dumb
In death!

—The Century.

A HOME-LY GIRL.

"What a homely face!" said a lady to her companion, as an ugly girl stepped into the street-car, and took a seat opposite.

The person addressed was a beautiful old lady with white hair. She glanced at the new-comer, and saw with pain that the thoughtless criticism had reached her ears and wounded her.

"I think," then answered the old lady, "that she looks like a homely girl in that sweet, old-time sense, of a girl who could make a home."

The face across the aisle brightened so responsively that it almost ceased to be ugly, and when the first speaker left the car, the girl, after an instant's hesitation, took the vacant seat by the old lady.

"I wish I knew," she said, impulsively, "just what you meant by a girl's making a home; it seems to me that girls find homes ready made for them." "But not completely made," said the sweet old voice. "There is always need of girl help, I think, in a home; sometimes the need is for baking and brewing, but there is no such need, I fancy, in your home?"

She was looking at the unostentatious but rich dress.

"No," said the girl, simply.

"Some other times," continued the old lady, "a great many times, a girl's work is to bring all the members of a family together, and thoroughly interest them in one another."

The bow, drawn at a venture, was aimed by that blessed Providence who knows when sparrows fall, and went straight to the mark.

"Thank you," said the young girl. "This is my place to get off; good-by."

She sought the yards of ribbon she had come for, in an absent-minded way, and started home.

"I will walk," she said to herself. "I can think better."

Acquaintances bowed to her unnoticed, as with lifted head and far-seeing eyes she moved briskly up the crowded way.

"What's the matter with Emily Vane?" said one merry girl to another.

"Oh, she's on some high horse or other," laughed the girl. "She is always out of sight of us earthly mortals."

And indeed Emily's young heart was overflowing with enthusiastic resolves.

"How strange it was that for old lady to pick out the very thing I ought to have been doing all this time," she said to herself; and memory pictured before her all the years that she and her home folks had occupied their luxurious house, each one living to himself, and having no real home community of plans and interests.

Emily left square after square behind her rapid feet, all the time planning to do this and so, with the confidence of youth—nay, with the over-confidence of one who says, "To-morrow I will go into such and such a city, and buy and sell and get gain," when suddenly a bit of slippery pavement brought her down with a sharp cry.

It was quite a serious accident, one of the small bones of the ankle being fractured, and poor Emily suffered intolerably while kind strangers carried her into the nearest apothecary's.

A surgeon was at hand, and by the time the hurt ankle was properly set and bandaged, Mr. Vane had answered the telephone call in a carriage.

All through the trying time, though "the rasp of the flesh was so sore," Emily was passionately regretting her married plans.

"I can't begin to be a home-ly girl," she moaned to herself. "Oh, how hard to bear!"

But, on the third day of her imprisonment to the couch, Emily's eyes were suddenly opened.

"Why, it's the very thing!" she said. "I couldn't have managed it better if I had done it on purpose."

"What will you think of me, little sister, if I say I am almost sorry that you are getting well?"

"I think I could find something sweet in that speech," Emily replied, looking

up at big brother John from her couch. But the couch was downstairs now, and she was even beginning to walk a little on Grandfather Vane's stick. Decidedly she was getting well.

"Yes," answered John, "somehow this has seemed more like home since we've had your couch to tie to. We reserved people are getting acquainted with one another."

"We were always ready to die for one another," laughed Ned from the other end of the room; "but, somehow, we never understood fraternal relations. Did you do it on purpose, sis?"

"What, break my ankle?" she asked, archly.

"No; shake us all up together this way?"

Then she told him the story of the old lady in the street-car.

"My homeliness had been a bitter trial to me until then," Emily confessed. "I don't think a man can understand what a hard lot it is for a woman to be without any of those personal charms that make a woman loved. But that dear old lady drew out the sting, when she told me what compensation might be in store for a 'home-ly girl.'"

"God bless our home-ly girl!" said the father, who had come in unperceived. "Tell us your old lady's name, sis," cried John. "I'll go and take her a posy for her happy words."

"You can't do that," said Emily, smiling. "I never saw her before, and don't know who she is. Perhaps she will have to wait till we all get to the blessed home for the grateful thanks of the 'home-ly girl.'"—Elizabeth P. Allan, in *Congregationalist*.

THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.

I was sitting in my study one evening when a message came to me that one of the godliest among the shepherds who tended their flocks upon the highland hills was dying, and wanted to see the minister.

Without loss of time I crossed the wide heath to his comfortable little home. When I entered the low room I found the old shepherd propped up with pillows, and breathing with such difficulty that it was apparent he was near his end.

"Jean," he said, "give the minister a stool, and leave us for a bit, for I wad see the minister alone."

As soon as the door had closed he turned the most pathetic pair of gray eyes upon me I had ever looked into, and said, in a voice shaken with emotion, "Minister, I'm dying, and—and—I'm afraid!"

I began at once to repeat some of the strongest promises in the Bible; but in the midst of them he stopped me.

"I ken them," he said, mournfully; "I ken them a'; but somehow they dinna gie me comfort."

"Do you not believe them?"

"Wi' a' my heart," he replied earnestly. "Where, then, is any room for fear?"

"For a' that, minister, I'm afraid—I'm afraid!"

I took up the well-worn Bible which lay on his bed. "You remember the twenty-third Psalm?" I began.

"Remember it?" he said; "I kened it long before ye were born; ye need na' read it; I've conned it a thousand times on the hillside."

"But there is one verse you have not taken in."

He turned upon me with a half-reproachful and even stern look. "Did I na' tell ye I kened it every word lang afore ye were born?"

I slowly repeated the verse: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

"You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over hills, hiding for a little while all the light of the sun. Did these shadows ever frighten you?"

"Frighten me?" he said, quickly. "Na, na! Dave Donaldson has been anater's bluid in his veins; neither shadow nor substance can weel frighten him."

"But did these shadows never make you believe you would not see the sun again—that it was gone forever?"

"Na, na; I cudna be sic a simpleton as that."

"Nevertheless, that is just what you are doing now." He looked at me with incredulous eyes.

"Yes," I continued, "the shadow of death is over you, and it hides for a little the Sun of Righteousness, which shines all the same behind; but it's only a shadow; remember, that's what the Psalmist calls it; a shadow that will pass, and when it has passed, before you will be the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory."

The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands, and for a few moments maintained an unbroken silence; then, letting them fall straight before him on the coverlet, he said, as if musing to himself, "Aweel, aweel! I have conned that verse a thousand times among the heather, and I never understood it so afore—afraid of a shadow." Then, turning upon me a face now bright with an almost supernatural radiance, he exclaimed: "Ay, ay, I see it all now! Death is only a shadow—a shadow with Christ behind it—a shadow that will pass—na, na, I'm afraid nae mair."

It is impossible to mentally or socially enslave a Bible-reading people. The principles of the Bible are the ground-work of human freedom.—*Horace Greeley*.

I know no blessing so small which can be reasonably expected without prayer, nor any so great but may be attained by it.—*South*.

THE MOTHER.

There is no human love like a mother's love. There is no human tenderness like a mother's tenderness. And there is no such time for a mother first displaying her love and tenderness toward her child as in the child's earliest years of life.

That time neglected, and no future can make good the loss to either mother or child. That time well improved, and all the years that follow it can profit by its improvement. Even God himself measures his fatherly love by a motherly standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so I will comfort you," he says; and what more than this could he say? And many a strong man who was first comforted by his mother's loving and tender words and ways while he was a helpless child, has never lost his grateful, trusting dependence on that mother's ministry of affection and sympathy.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson was fifty years old he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward, but loving, boy: "You have been the best mother, and I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for all your indulgences to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and for all that I omitted to do well."

John Quincy Adams did not part with his mother until he was nearly or quite fifty years of age, yet his cry, even then, was, "O God, could he have been spared yet a little longer! Without her the world feels to me like a solitude."

When President Nott of Union College was more than ninety years old, and had been for half a century a college president, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent; and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder, and the singing to him of the old-time lullabies, as if his mother was still sitting at his bedside in loving ministry, as she had been well-nigh a century before. The true son never grows old to a true mother.—*Sunday-school Times*.

A NOBLE DEED.

All the world has heard of Hoe's printing-presses, which have done so much to make books cheap. The founder of the business was Robert Hoe, a young English carpenter.

The story of his arrival in New York is thus related by the man who saw him, a stranger, and took him in, little dreaming of the kindness he was doing to mankind in general: In 1803 the yellow fever swept the streets of New York like a Turkish plague. I kept a grocery store, and one afternoon was sitting outside the door, with one of my children by my side. I saw a strange man coming along and reading the signs. "Mr. Thornburn?" said he. "Where did you get my name?" said I. "I read it on the sign-board," said he; and he continued, "I am just come on shore from the ship *Dragon* from Liverpool. I am a carpenter by trade, but can't get work on account of the fever. If you can tell me where to board, I will pay when I get work." "How old are you?" I asked. "Eighteen years." "Did you serve out your apprenticeship?" "I never was bound. My father was a carpenter."

"If my wife is willing I will board you myself," said I, and I stepped to the foot of the stairs. My wife stood at the head. "Good wife," said I, "a stranger standeth at the door. He has no money; he wants board. Will you take him in?" "If he takes the fever will you help me to nurse him?" "I will," she replied. "Thank you, my dear," said I. "For this God will bless you." Within a week he was down with the fever. I got the best medical advice. My wife and I nursed him. On the fourth day of the fever he was under the operation of a powerful medicine. The fever ran through his veins and drank his English blood. I stood by his bedside. He fixed his eyes on mine. "O Mr. Thornburn, I shall die! I shall die! I can never stand this!" "Die!" said I, "Robert, we must all die, but you won't die this week." I spoke unadvisedly, but I thought the end would justify the means. "I hope to see you marry one of our bonnie Yankee lassies, and to carry your grandchild in my arms." I saw this prediction fulfilled to the letter. From that hour the fever left him, and to-day his worthy sons are improving upon their father's inventions.—*The Presbyterian*.

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

The great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back to their childhood, we see there the maternal influences which form the aims and habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of the French knighthood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother when he left home to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him, with all the tenderness of a loving heart:

"My boy, serve God first. Pray to him night and morning. Be kind and charitable to all. Beware of flatterers, and never be one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred and lying, as vices unworthy of a Christian, and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when, in his own great thirst, he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a talisman against temptation, and a stimulus to a good life.

Farm and Household

FATTENING POULTRY.—A visit to the markets will show that the greater part of the poultry marketed by farmers, not fully fattened. This is as unwise as it is to market hogs, or cattle, or sheep, without fattening them. While the fowls were gathering their own food on the farm, they could not be in more than first-class growing condition. Before they are marketed they should be confined where they can take only moderate exercise, and liberally fed, for about ten days, on fattening food. For the first two days do not feed all the fowls will eat, but gradually increase the amount given them until they have each meal all they will eat up clean. Feed three times a day. For the morning and noon feed give boiled potatoes, beets or carrots mixed in with corn and barley meal; at night give whole corn. Give what skim-milk you can; if you have enough, mix their food with it. Of course, keep before the fowls an abundance of gravel, charcoal and pure water. During the last three or four days mix a handful of pulverized charcoal with each palful of soft feed. For twelve hours at least (better twenty-four) before the fowls are killed give them no feed. They should not be marketed with full crops; in fact this is prohibited by law in many of the principal markets.

A SIMPLE WATER-FILTER.—Dr. Castle says (*New York Medical Journal*) that for a long time he has used a simple contrivance for filtering water, which has been serviceable and at the same time inexpensive. He took an ordinary glass funnel and packed the outlet with absorbent cotton so tightly that the water could only flow in drops. By means of a piece of copper wire for a bale, it was suspended from a hook over the sink. As often as necessary water is poured into the funnel, and a receiving vessel is placed under the outlet. Whenever the cotton shows much discoloration (a thing which is easily observed owing to the funnel being of glass) it is replaced with a fresh portion. The filtering medium being always under observation, there is little risk of contamination of the water by accumulation of filth.

COLD FEET.—Keep the feet in a warm bath until they are thoroughly heated through and through. Remove and give them a dash of water as cool as can be used without discomfort, wipe dry and rub thoroughly with a brush or crash towel. This course persisted in will cure cold feet. The arteries and veins in the feet contract from various causes, and hence the feet become cold. Hot water baths used continuously enlarge the blood vessels until they will remain large enough to keep the feet warm, but they must not be crowded into a tight boot, or be left unprotected in thin shoes or low slippers. We knew a lady who had suffered tortures with cold feet from childhood, who used hot foot-baths to relieve sick headache, and her head and feet were alike relieved, and permanent.

SWEATING OF THE FEET.—Dr. Legoux uses a mixture of glycerine two and one-half drachms, solution of perchloride of iron one ounce, and essence of bergamot twenty drops, in the treatment of offensive sweating of the feet. The feet are bathed frequently in cold water for two days, and on the third day are painted with this mixture. The painful sense of heat gives way to a feeling of refreshing coolness, the mixture becomes less apparent, and with it disappears also the disagreeable odor. The applications are to be continued night and morning. The author obtained by this means the cure of a case, which has resisted all other treatment, in two weeks.—*Gazette Medical, Paris*.

ONE WAY OF PRESERVING EGGS.—The following process for preserving eggs is given in an English exchange: On removing the eggs from the nest they are coated with butter, in which two or three per cent. of salicylic acid has been dissolved, and then they are placed individually in a box filled with fine and absolutely dry sawdust. Care must be taken that the eggs do not touch each other, and that they are completely enveloped in sawdust, and should these precautions be strictly observed they will keep fresh for several months, possibly for more than a year.

A GENERAL ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—A general antidote for poison, according to the *American Journal of Pharmacy*, May, 1888, may be made by mixing equal parts of calcined magnesia, wood charcoal, and hydrated oxide of iron, and is applicable in cases in which the poison is unknown. It should not, of course, supersede the stomach pump or other forms of emesis.

LEMON JELLY.—Two cups of sugar, one of lemon juice, one quart of boiling water, one cupful of cold water, a box of gelatine. Soak the gelatine in the cold water for two hours. Pour the boiling water on it, add the sugar and lemon juice, strain through a napkin, mold and harden.—*Miss Parloa*.

I do think that the way of duty is, sometimes, a very hard one. And when so many people are disappointed in the world, when we read of so many lives falling short of their ideal, oh, surely it is better to give up thinking of life as giving pleasure, and only make up our minds to bear and do what is right.—*Beant and Rice*.



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PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. H. Scudder, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A. M. and 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth Street, between Valencia and Mission streets. Rev. J. A. Cruzan, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1889.

The publishers are asked for some special reasons for circulating THE PACIFIC. They give them briefly, as follows:

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Eleventhly—Every church must sustain and persevere a paper like THE PACIFIC, if it would not lose the sympathy of its sister churches, fall behind the age, and lose its place in the thought and appreciation of Him who says, "Well done!" only to good and faithful servants, who have used all the talents at their command.

An open letter appeared last Saturday in one of the minor weeklies of this city, directed to Dwight L. Moody. It alleges that this is a heathen, and not a Christian city, and that Mr. Moody ought to assume this to be simply missionary ground, inasmuch as the churches are in a condition of coma, and have no power to shape the manners or morals of the people, and should be ignored. The writer does not call himself a pagan, but appears to be a good deal of a "Philistine," a practiced fault-finder, and a settled pessimist. His observations are, many of them, keen, and his inferences just. But he does not seem to speak in love, nor show that he is sorry for the state of things he describes. He labors under the reactions of his own criticisms upon himself. A critic's nature is quickly soured. His juices turn acid, like those of a shrub whose leaves are not allowed to grow and mature, being constantly plucked away. A police court officer is so constantly in an atmosphere of crime that all the world seems to him void of virtue. In like manner, the official critic is so continually on the watch for foibles, faults, follies, blunders, defects, devices, plots, schemes, scandals, sins and crimes, that he notes nothing else; and the world seems to him to be going precipitately to the bad, its conservative forces exhausted, and all its professed reformers looking on, dazed and hopeless. Yet, while we may naturally distrust the hasty and reckless conclusions of the professional gumbler and critic, it is always best to inquire whether there is any color of truth in the allegations which he makes. "Ab hoste doceri," the Latins said. Let us, also, learn from the enemy—if he be an enemy. Are

our churches a "practical nullity as regards any influence in shaping the everyday life, the principles of action, the practical morality," of this city. Is this virtually a "heathen and infidel city"? Is this a "strongly occupied and heavily garrisoned fortress city of the great Adversary"? Are our churches, in any true sense, "manned by the sons of Belial"? We know that the last implication is so thoroughly an exaggeration, and so utterly untrue, that all the other statements and charges are likely to be just as wide of the mark. Still, it is an outsider's view that our churches are not doing what they should do; and it hardly needed an "enemy" to say this.

It is very natural that those who are committed to the idea that the evangelical theology is passing away should express surprise that the ministers of the churches should not be aware of it. But perhaps it is quite as much a matter of surprise that these unevangelical men are so oblivious of the steady and strong thought and ample learning which are enlisted in the maintenance of that which seems to them decadent. A year or two ago we expressed some feeling of this sort when the portly treatise of Dr. Strong on "Systematic Theology" was put into our hands. And now the feeling comes again as we turn the pages of Dr. Shedd's "Dogmatic Theology." Nothing in the style or tone of the two volumes would indicate that there is in the author's mind any foreboding of the predicted downfall of the Christian system. Nor can it be alleged that even Dr. Stebbins or Mr. Wendie are better acquainted with the history of science or literature than is Dr. Shedd, or more familiar with all that has been said against or for the gospel. If we should add to these two treatises those equally solid works of A. A. Hodge of Princeton, and of Samuel Harris of New Haven, it would be quite amusing to read again the assumption that orthodoxy has lost its hold on eminent thinkers in our day. We cite these works only as samples of the numerous contributions made by the best minds, which maintain the old paths; some of them, as Drs. Shedd and Strong and Hodge, maintaining even the most strenuous types of Calvinism. Of course, if an examination of liberal and evangelical thinking did show that all the fresh and solid and elaborate thinking were done by the former and not by the latter, that would be mortifying. But no one who is capable of expressing a judgment could affirm this. There is an immense amount of talk about learning and science being in the camp of the antagonists of the revelation made in the Bible. We do not despise what is found there. We acknowledge the stimulus that comes from adverse criticism, and welcome whatever suggestion is made from any source likely to invite to wider investigation; but really it is ridiculous to claim that men of the stamp of Strong and Shedd and Hodge and Harris, to mention no others, are writing away all unconscious that they are champions of a cause which long ago said its last effective and rational word.

We regret the renewal of the agitation of the Chinese question just now when we have really something else to do. We had hoped that this question was settled for a few years. We did not suppose that it was settled forever, but the agitation has begun too soon to accomplish anything, and it subjects us to the annoyance and reproach of a renewed outpouring of sandlot oratory. It was the labor question that had most to do in furtherance of the Exclusion act. It will take a few years for those who have labor to buy or sell to become sure that more Chinese are wanted in the marts of labor than those now here and those who may sit in. For it may be—and the experiment is worth a long and fair trial—that the labor of the whites, young and old, with some training, will be found of such a quality, quantity and price, as to meet all the requirements of the Coast. No experiment of a single year will suffice, since that particular year might be an exceptional and not an average year. Moreover, the kinds of labor are becoming more diversified each year, and the spheres of labor are contracting or expanding variously, and time is needed to adjust things—to make it manifest to all whether the general good demands any change of laws.

We are glad to see reported in Congress a bill to restrict immigration in such a way as to keep out undesirable population from every side of the country. "It forbids the admission of any alien who is an idiot, insane, pauper, criminal, polygamist, anarchist, socialist, or afflicted with a loathsome or conta-

gious disease, or who comes under contract as a laborer. No vessel shall bring over one passenger to five registered tons of such vessel. It provides a head money tax of \$5 for each emigrant, and requires the United States consuls abroad to certify that each emigrant is not excluded by any law of the United States from coming to this country." We do not know what prospect the bill has of becoming a law this session, but we fear that it is small. However, if it has to go over a year before action is taken on it, the probability is that it will be made broader and severer than it now is. We have too long admitted large numbers of the filth and off-scouring of the earth into circles of comparative purity, where they have done little else than corrupt and destroy.

The misprint of one word in an editorial of last week was quite unfortunate. We were made to say that the trend of the Andover movement is "not toward present Unitarianism, so called, but to a form of Unitarianism." The last word should have been Universalism, of course. To be exact, it has not been intimidated by any of the exponents of the new theology there that all men will avail themselves of the provisions which are offered now or are to be disclosed hereafter. Still, the tone of thinking favors a larger hope. Whether the whole system proposed would give adequate grounds for any larger hope than the older orthodoxy gives admits of question. Most people try to hope even against hope.

DR. MOOAR'S RESIGNATION.

At a meeting of Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland, January 9th, the following was adopted unanimously:

"REPORT OF COMMITTEE.

"To the Members of Plymouth-avenue Church: Having been appointed a Committee on the resignation of our pastor, Rev. George Mooar, D.D., to report such facts and considerations as, in our judgment, are helpful and proper in the premises, we desire to say that we have conferred with the Doctor and with the members of this church, so far as opportunity permitted, and we find that it is perfect health and his increasing duties at the Seminary, that the resignation should be accepted.

"We come to this conclusion with reluctance, and cannot let the occasion pass without some expression of commendation, without some token of affection and respect. Dr. Mooar has been with us fifteen years, during which time we have learned to love and esteem him. In several cases he has been the pastor of two and three generations of persons who have attended this and neighboring churches. We cannot contemplate the severance of the relations which have bound us together without deep feeling, as we call to mind his faithful labors here, often rendered difficult by the circumstances in which he has found himself. It will be hard to fill his place, and, however able his successor, memory will often love to dwell on those spiritual and finely written sermons which have set forth divine truth in such a simple and attractive way, and on those incomparable prayers of his which have made the throne of grace. Where, also, shall we find one so in love with the cause of missions, and in such quick and hearty sympathy with those vast and world-embracing plans of our Divine Master for the salvation of men of every clime and nation?"

"Notwithstanding the natural sadness we feel in view of this separation, we look to see if there is not some silver lining to the cloud, some consideration to lessen our gloom, and this we find in the time chosen for the resignation, for now we are a united church, and strong in various lines of Christian activity. The unity of feeling now prevailing among our members is, we think, largely owing to the wisdom of our pastor, for whom all have a sincere and undisguised affection and respect; and if the parting must come, we are glad it is to take place under circumstances of such mutual love and confidence, and that we can look back over the years of Dr. Mooar's pastorate here with so much pleasure and satisfaction.

"It only remains for us, in closing this report, to offer our prayers that the labors of these fifteen years may prove a solid foundation on which this church may be reared in all the symmetry and beauty which come from heavenly graces, 'Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone'; and that the fruit of all these efforts may be the calling of many out of nature's darkness into the marvelous light.

"To our retiring pastor we tender our hearty thanks for all he has done for us, and the assurance of our continued regard and respect.

"In view of considerations herein set forth, we recommend that the resignation be accepted, and that a committee of arrangements as may be necessary to dissolve the relations existing between pastor and people. [Signed]:

"CHAS. F. WHITTON,
"O. R. MORGAN,
"GEO. L. VOICE, Com."

No one is wicked without loss and punishment.

THE PACIFIC: SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BUSY PASTORS.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 15, 1889.

DEAR PACIFIC: The ministers of this portion of the State should not permit a single issue of your good paper to go before the public containing no article from Southern California regarding Congregationalism. And yet, week after week, THE PACIFIC comes to our work here. The result is that the paper is not having the circulation among our ministers and churches know but little outside of our own immediate work. Yet we can account for this dereliction in duty upon the ground that a more constantly employed, hard-working set of pastors don't exist in any country.

Dr. R. G. Hutchins' great heart and active life are full to overflowing, he hardly has a moment he can call his own. The First church, of which he is the thoroughly appreciated pastor, is exerting every energy to erect a new church-building on the corner of Sixth and Hill streets. The Opera House is crowded with attentive listeners to the Doctor's sermons, so replete with sympathy, wisdom and truth. Yet an Opera House is never a good church home, and both pastor and people feel that genuine success cannot crown their efforts until they can worship in a house dedicated to God only. And to this end they are putting forth their united effort, and we are positive that it won't be long until we shall look with pride and thanksgiving upon a new First church building that will be a credit to the denomination. Dr. Hutchins is proving himself to be the "right man in the right place." His indefatigable energy, his open-handed brotherly love and Christian charity for his ministerial brethren, his prudent courage in connection with public morals, his practical, pointed gospel preaching, along with his genial spirit and wise executive ability, is bringing to his support the wise and true—not only of our own denomination, but of the whole community.

Rev. E. R. Brainard of Park church has just completed a beautiful and commodious chapel on Temple street, in which that congregation will worship until erected. This church is growing rapidly. We doubt if there are many men better adapted to California Congregationalism than his pastor.

The Third Congregational church, (Railroad chapel) under the self-sacrificing, cheerful labors of Rev. George Rawson and wife, has prospered grandly during the past eight months. It has one of the best Sunday-schools in the city. Its congregation has more than quadrupled, and in the ranks of its Christian workers. It has required more real courage to preside over this field than any other in the denomination, it being in the region of the depot and surrounded by a class of people who care but little for the things of God; yet Brother Rawson has demonstrated the fact that Christian culture and refinement are not inimical to successful work among the poorest of God's children.

The East Los Angeles church was organized eighteen months ago with thirty-two members, under the pastorage of Rev. J. H. Phillips. The growth and prosperity of this church has been second to none in Southern California. It was met with opposition at its birth, and a pastor of less courage would have abandoned the field. But regardless of the two blocks of three old and well-established churches of other denominations, it is second to but one of them in numbers, and to none in size of congregations and Christian influence. During the past year a church building with lot costing nearly ten thousand dollars has been erected and paid for. It has a membership of one hundred and sixteen souls, fifty per cent. of whom have been received on confession of faith. It has contributed largely to the benevolent collections of the church, paid every debt, will declare self-support on the first of March and increase the pastor's salary three hundred dollars next year. The church building is a gem from an architectural point of view. It will seat four hundred persons; usually full and frequently crowded. Seventy-five per cent. of the members attend the prayer-meeting. This pastor's greatest strength lies in his ability to attract and influence young men, hundreds of whom crowd his church and seek his personal friendship. A glorious revival of religion is now in progress; the church is being quickened and sinners brought in to the fold of Christ.

The Vernon church of Christ (Rev. C. S. Uzzell, pastor) is a wonder. For over a year, with only twenty paying members, none of whom are wealthy, it was self-supporting, paying its pastor a salary of \$1,200, and meeting, with like liberality, all other church expenses and demands. During the past six months, although in delicate health, its pastor has conducted two series of special meetings, resulting in scores of conversions. Brother Uzzell, armed as he is with a wonderful personal experience, and a thorough knowledge of the truth, is a gospel "Gatling gun" within himself; but when aided by his godly mother and devoted wife, they, together, become a whole battery before which sinners either surrender or retreat. A revival is now in progress in this church from which you may expect to hear good reports.

Plymouth church, under the leadership of Rev. A. J. Wells, has been organized and its church building erected during the past year. It is located in a wealthy

portion of the city, and will, ere long, become one of the strong organizations of our denomination. Brother Wells needs no introduction to California Congregationalists, having been a pastor here for a number of years. In spite of impairments of health, he has accomplished great things under God for our church in this pulpit ability, and beloved for his many qualities.

On Tuesday, January 8, 1889, a Council was called to recognize a new church, to be known as "Olivet Congregational church," located in the western portion of the city. This is the work of a congregation of twenty-two members, in a district where there are over a thousand inhabitants without a church. The depression in financial matters, through which we are passing, caused many of the Council to hesitate in giving to this church their hearty approval; but the wonderful Christian faith and courage displayed by Brother Field and those whom he had gathered about him soon allayed all fear, and produced in its stead the greatest enthusiasm and favor.

Brother Field has been a home missionary during all of his ministerial life, and the founder of several Congregational churches in this State. And when he stood before the Council, offering to take the Lord and five hundred dollars for his support, and promising to place a church and congregation upon the field that would give credit to the denomination and glory to the Master's cause, his faith and past successes begot for him and his church a unanimous "God-speed" from the Council. So, hereafter, Olivet church, with F. A. Field as pastor, will appear upon the Year-Book along with the Congregational churches of Los Angeles.

So you see, brother editor, Los Angeles pastors and people are at work pushing the battle regardless of hard times and other discouragements. Already there may be seen rifts in the clouds of spiritual darkness. Souls are being converted in every church, and the influence of the gospel preached from the pulpits of our denomination is being felt everywhere. And it is the confident expectation of our people that the coming months will bring to this city a rich harvest of saved souls.

The queer, laconic and only Sam Jones began meetings in the "Academy of Music" on last Sabbath afternoon. Audiences numbering from three to five thousand people are listening to him, and there is a greater prospect for an overwhelming revival of religion throughout the city than ever before in its history.

Rev. James T. Ford, Superintendent of Home Missions, and Rev. H. P. Case, Superintendent of Sunday-schools in Southern California, are hard at work and succeeding grandly.

Our atmosphere is permeated with the fragrance of fruit and flowers. May God hasten the day when the spiritual income from our altars may be recognized as sensibly by every inhabitant of this beautiful State!

P. H. J.

"CLEARING THE TRACK."

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

One cannot help observing, as we walk the streets of our city, how much these sidewalks are occupied and obstructed by fragments of rock and wood interfering with the comfort and safety of pedestrians. Any careless step upon one of these stony fragments is liable to strain a limb, or turn an ankle, or headlessly. Such an issue is not merely kind enters into the painful experience of those who tread the city walks.

Our personal record will be specially favored if no catastrophe of the kind, more or less afflictive and painful, have an entry on its pages. We should therefore be deeply interested in the effort and process of keeping the sidewalks clear of such besetment. In fact I cannot, in my daily walk, encounter and obstructed to remove them by the compelling power of the fort. I consider myself a public benefactor in the discharge of such a preventive office, and cheerfully practice its functions.

But this definite and literal tasking is suggestive of moral fidelities, removing from the highway of earthly pilgrims all obstacles to their progress in the paths of duty and charity. Is there one in the circle of our home life against whose advancement in happy service some example of ours presents an obstacle, we are to exert our energy to clear the track, and leave it open for successful treading.

In the plighted fellowship of Christian disciples, is there, with one or another, any self-indulgent spirit or practice that beguiles a brother into the gratification of some passion of the flesh unholily and unclean, there is, then, a peremptory call for removing such misleading vital error.

In any of our intercourse with human companions, if we indulge in the exhibition of corrupt taste and temper, we are leaving in the way of their treading hindrances to a blameless pilgrimage which we are most sacredly bound to remove and clear away.

So in all our going and coming on our earthly journey, we are under most solemn obligations to do what lies in our power to clear the way of any, upon whose track ours may have an influence, of any beguiling or misleading, that may betray them into fatal error and loss.

Afred E. Burr, senior editor of the Hartford Times, had a semi-centennial

[WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1889.]

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

At the last meeting of the Monday Club, Rev. F. J. Culver, State Secretary of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, gave an interesting address, with acceptable recommendations, concerning the work of that important organization. Next Monday, instead of the usual Monday Club meeting, there will be a union meeting of different denominations, with Mr. Moody, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, at 1:30 p. m. The usual meeting of the Club will be held on the following Monday, February 4th; Mr. J. W. Crawford is to address it. Among the visitors at the Monday Club were: Revs. B. J. Relyea of Connecticut, Pearce Pinch and W. J. Teenster of Kansas, H. H. Wikoff and G. M. Spencer of this State.

Rev. Dr. Barrows preached a very earnest, practical sermon last Sabbath morning, in the First church, on "Repentance."

"Christian Giving" was the theme on which Rev. J. Spencer Voorhees preached in the Green-street church, this city. An interesting coincidence occurred last Sunday. Rev. W. H. Scudder of Plymouth church and Rev. J. A. Cruzan of the Third church both preached at night on the same text, Psalm cxix: 59, 60: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies. I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments."

The Willard Kindergarten, having been obliged to move, are now at 1503 Turk street, corner of Steiner. Visitors are welcomed during school hours, from 9 till 2. Teacher, Miss H. Gereau.

The Central Woman's Christian Temperance Union meets at No. 132 McAllister street, opposite City Hall, on the second and fourth Wednesdays in every month, at 2 p. m.

The interest is increasing in Rev. F. J. Culver's field.

There was a full house Sabbath morning in Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland. Professor Mooar preached on "Being About the Father's Business."

Sunday evening the Plymouth-avenue Society of Christian Endeavor held a union meeting with the Market-street church Society of Christian Endeavor.

The revival services, led by Evangelist Currie, at Market-street church, Oakland, are reported as very successful.

President Stratton filled the pulpit of the First church, Oakland, Sabbath morning.

Rev. W. N. Meserve filled the pulpit in Park church, Lorin, last Sabbath.

Rev. T. C. Hunt of Riverside has issued a very good New Year's greeting in very neat form, to his people.

The Santa Barbara church received sixteen persons by letter and eleven by confession—in all, twenty-seven—during 1888. Four of these are Chinese. It lost five by death and two by letter, leaving a net gain of twenty for the year. It now has a membership of 175, of whom 146 are resident members.

The Ventura Free Press says: "At the conclusion of the morning services yesterday at the Congregational church, Rev. T. D. Murphy, who has been the faithful pastor of the church for the past five years, in a very feeling manner, tendered his resignation as pastor, to take effect as soon as he assumes charge of the presidency of the Santa Paula branch of the Congregational University of Southern California, which position he has accepted." It also said: "We learned that Rev. T. D. Murphy was tendered a professorship in the Pomona College, which proposition he declined, having already accepted the Presidency of one nearer home. Mr. Murphy is a born teacher and manager, and the school which has him at its head is bound to succeed."

The Santa Barbara Press gives two columns to a sermon by Rev. C. T. Weitzel on "The Saloons."

The Placer Argus gives three and a half columns to report a sermon recently preached by Rev. C. H. Cook at Auburn.

The Grass Valley Union gives one and a half columns of "Pulpit Laconics" containing a report of Rev. R. H. Sink's sermon on "Death and Preparation for It," delivered on Sunday, January 13th.

It is both a commendable and interesting feature in the various daily and weekly papers, the publishing of long reports of sermons by preachers in the different localities.

What with a largely increased choir and a course of illustrated sermons on Pilgrims' Progress, given by the pastor, the church at Stockton has not only been crowded of late, but numbers have reluctantly departed, unable to find seats.

A church of 9 members was organized at Roy, W. T., Dec. 30th, by Superintendent Beard. Rev. Robert Brown is to become the pastor of this church and two out-stations.

SAN JOSE.—A special effort was made January 13th to free the church from its remaining indebtedness, and with the promised aid of the Congregational Union the desired result was attained. The annual report of the church was encouraging, and its future outlook is promising.

Superintendent Beard and General Missionary Walters organized a church at Genesee, Idaho, January 13th. This church starts with a membership of four-

teen live and earnest Christians. Lots are secured and a meeting-house is to be built at once.

Rev. R. E. Sink of Grass Valley exchanged with the M. E. pastor Sunday morning; subjects for the day: "The Three Crosses of Calvary," "Cunningly Devised Fables, or the Supremacy of the Influence of the Bible Over the Literature of the Day for the Betterment of Mankind." All is moving along quietly; no excitement, but a good feeling prevails. The church gained sixteen members last year, but lost eight.

Some of the fruits of Mr. Moody's work in Portland are beginning to appear. Two weeks ago, to-day, twenty-two united with Calvary Presbyterian church, mostly on profession. Last Sunday eighty united with the first Presbyterian church, fifty-six on profession, twenty-four by letter, and upwards of ninety joined the Hall-street M. E. church, and constant accessions are being made to Taylor-street and Grace M. E. churches, but the number cannot at present be given. Mr. Studd and Mr. Burke, helpers of Mr. Moody, who remained behind, held union meetings in East Portland during the past week, with a large attendance at all services. Major George Hilton of Washington, D. C., the gospel temperance evangelist, is in the city, and will hold a series of meetings during the present week. A little flurry of snow came this morning—the first of the winter. It disappeared before noon.

January 20, 1889. G. H. H.

BERKELEY.—The meetings of the week of prayer seemed to indicate so much real religious interest that the pastors decided to continue them. There was a necessary interruption of one week, owing to the Sunday-school Institute which had been arranged for. This week the union meetings continue, the Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist churches uniting in the edifice of the Methodist Church. The plan is, a brief praise service (20 minutes), a brief sermon by one of the pastors (20 minutes), and a brief prayer-meeting. We hope for good results. The pastors of the four churches in the town are engaged in a joint canvass. They go together from house to house with the intention of visiting every house in Berkeley. Two or three afternoons in each week are devoted to the work, which began with the new year. They have thus far made about one hundred calls and have only just begun. The object is, of course, to find out the heathen, and all suspicion of proselytizing is removed by this outward evidence of Christian union. The effect is already visible, and we expect that it will be more and more manifest in the coming months. Perhaps you have room to reprint the card which is left at every house, which is appended: "Peace be to this House." Rev. G. A. Easton, St. Mark's Church. Rev. V. A. Lewis, Presbyterian Church. Rev. A. H. Needham, Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. Thomas R. Bacon, Congregational Church.

ANNUAL MEETING OF ALAMEDA CHURCH.—"How shall we get our members together for our annual meeting?" is the vexed question that stares many a pastor and church committee in the face each year. Our plan was a successful one. It may interest others. We announced a supper for the first Wednesday in January, inviting to it all members of the congregation and all interested in our work. Supper cards issued at the small charge of twenty-five cents covered nearly all the expenses of the meal, at the same time making all friends of the church feel equally free to come, and doing away with drawing those lines which a strictly "member supper" would require. All coming were asked to announce to the Committee of Arrangements their purpose, which was very generally done. As many as could gather at that hour met for a social of an hour before we passed out to the well-laden tables. Here, after a word of thanks offered by the founder of the church, the Rev. George Morris, one hundred or more hungry people fell to with a will, and cold meats, hot meats, pies, rolls, pork and beans, brown bread, mashed potatoes, pickles, jellies, ice cream, fruit and tea and coffee rapidly disappeared. After two verses of "Blest be the tie," the tables were cleared away for the evening exercises. The first thing in order was a roll call of members, which was followed by a review of the year's work by the Church Committee, an "outlook" by the pastor, and a few cheering words from Rev. Mr. Morris. After a brief business session and a prayer, music and a social occupied the rest of the evening. Most of the routine business was transacted at the Wednesday meeting of the week before, leaving this evening free for more social exercises. The occasion brought out a large proportion of our resident membership, interested many friends in our work, and was altogether the best social gathering in the history of our Alameda church.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

METHODIST.—We regret to hear that Rev. Dr. Dille is still sick. Rev. A. J. Bell is helping Dr. Jewell in San Jose. —There will soon be a church in Novato. —President Hirst of the University of the Pacific spoke in the Methodist Ministers' Meeting last Monday morning in favor of removing the University to this city. Most of the preachers favored the proposition. Dr. Crary, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, spoke in its favor, and suggested that one of the vacant Nob Hill palaces might be secured for that use. This idea was enthusiastically received.

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.

"JESUS PROMISES REST."

[Another week has passed and the meetings still continue daily, in the Pavilion and the First church with unabated interest. The cold, damp weather would naturally be a hindrance, but it apparently has made very little difference in the size of the audiences. We have never seen such people before at religious meetings in this city as are found in the Pavilion meetings. There are many Jews and Roman Catholics, there are business men, professional men and fashionable women—all classes are represented. Thousands no doubt are drawn by curiosity to the place; they want to see and hear the man about whom so much is said. Whatever be their motive they cannot but be benefited by such services. The meetings are quiet and orderly, the attention is excellent, the music is lively and very good. We are coming to learn and like the new songs in the Fifth Book. Mr. Moody is at his best. Many have said he is more tender and more earnest than when here eight years ago. He has been learning more and more from the gospel, which he so dearly loves. He has had a richer experience in the Christian life; he has learned by a varied experience how best to reach and win souls. And night after night he preaches the gospel with wonderful power and simplicity. He throws his whole soul into the work, and God is with him. Eternity alone will reveal the results of such meetings upon the intensely worldly, careless, fashionable thousands who attend them night after night. Many of them receive impressions which they will not shake off. With very many this is their only and last opportunity. They would never be reached by the ordinary ministrations of the gospel. Such people are dying constantly in our midst in their sins. There is an opportunity for them to be awakened and saved. This effort to give the gospel to the masses in this great city is worth all its costs. The afternoon meetings in the First church are delightful. Rev. Dr. Barrows is leading the chorus choir at these meetings this week. We give below a verbatim report of the sermon in the Pavilion last Sabbath afternoon.]

SERMON.

I want to call your attention this afternoon to one of the promises of Jesus Christ. If I can only make you believe this promise is true it will be as profitable a service as we have had in this building. Some one asked me some time ago what I thought was the most precious promise that Christ left. It set me to thinking, and I thought over a great many of the promises. I found I was lost; I couldn't answer the question—like a man that has got ten children, he can't tell which one he likes best; he likes them all. But there are some promises that come to us at different times with peculiar sweetness. The promise I shall bring before you this afternoon I hope will come with great force to every one in this building; it is for all.

A WORD ABOUT THE PROMISES.

But let me say, before I take it up, just a word about the promises. Some of the promises you find in the Bible are on condition; some are unconditional. Some are to the nations, some are to individuals, some are general. For instance, you take the promise God made to Abraham—that was a special promise (Gen. xv. 5).—"And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars if thou be able to number them: so shall thy seed be." That was a special promise, and you notice that was unconditional; there was nothing that could happen to keep God from making that promise good, and he fulfilled it, in spite of all the wanderings of the children of Israel; God made that promise true.

Deut. xi. 26-28: "Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse. A blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God, which I command you this day: and a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God, but turn aside out of the way which I command you this day, to go after other gods, which ye have not known."

You notice there is a command and a promise on condition of obedience; if they disobeyed they could not claim the promise, but a curse should rest upon them; but a blessing if they should obey.

You remember the promise made to Joshua when Moses died; God promised he would be with him as he had been with Moses; he said that he should never fail; that no man should be able to stand before him, and he was going to be with him just as he had been with Moses. And now the old hero is going to his rest, and he called around him the elders of Israel, and this is his dying testimony (Josh. xxiii. 14).—"And, behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof."

Here is a man that had tried God forty years in slavery in the brick kilns in Egypt, forty years in the desert, and at the ripe age of 110 years the old warrior is going to his rest, and this is his testimony—that not one good thing of all the good things which the Lord his God had spoken concerning him and his people had failed. Now, if it had failed,

don't you think that some of the skeptics and infidels of that day would have brought a charge against Joshua, and would have said, "Here is a man who believed the promises of God, but see how they have failed?" But you see how they have failed? And so, when we take the promises of God and believe them, we shall not be disappointed. As there is not a desert without a fountain, a night without a morning, not a sorrow without a comfort, so there is not an hour of any trouble but we will have help if we go to the Lord.

The promise I want to call your attention to is one of the sweetest promises Jesus Christ left to the earth. Preceding it, he says that all power is given to him in heaven and on earth; and, after making that statement, he sends out this beautiful proclamation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." (Matt. xi. 27-30.)

Now, the cry of the world to-day is, "Where can rest be found?" That is what man wants. If you probe the human heart you will find a want, and that want is rest. Why are so many attending your places of amusement? People are trying to find rest in pleasure, but they can't find rest there. Some try to find rest in riches. That man mentioned in Luke said he would tear down his barns and build greater, and then say, "Soul, take thine ease; thou hast got much goods laid up in store"; and so, he was seeking rest in that direction. But the poor man was disappointed, for that very night his soul was demanded of him, and he could not find rest in the things of this world.

If I want to find a man or woman really at rest in mind and soul, I wouldn't go among a certain class of people; I wouldn't go among your millionaires that live up here on Nob Hill—not among those who have got their millions. You will find, as a class, that they have the least rest. There are men in this republic who would find rest for their souls if they could buy it as they do stocks and bonds; they would give millions of dollars if they could find rest for their souls. But money can't buy it. There is only one way to get it, and that way is God's way; it is not man's way. You have got to take it as a gift; you can't buy it. So you do not want to go among the wealthy to find people who have rest. They are people who fall into diverse temptations; and what would many of them give if they could save their children from going to ruin; and how many of their children have gone down before them in the vortex of sin and brought suffering and weeping and gloom into their homes.

And, if I wanted to find people who were at rest, I would not go among the pleasure-seekers, because *pleasure* can't give it; you don't find it in pleasure. There is some satisfaction in certain kinds of pleasure just while you are engaged in it; but it doesn't last—it doesn't endure. You have a grand time to-night, but to-morrow you have something that is the opposite to it, and then you are disappointed; you can't feast upon it—you can't live upon it.

And, if I should go among your so-called great on this earth, the men that hold high positions, I wouldn't find rest. I wouldn't go to Congress among the politicians, nor to the President of the Republic, nor among the crowned heads of Europe; for I think they have the least rest of any. And, did you ever see one, or know of one, who has honor bestowed upon them, that were satisfied? They want something else after that. I venture to say, in this congregation there are those who have said: "If I could only get to such a station in life, if I can make that point, I will be perfectly satisfied." But, when you got there, you was not perfectly satisfied, there was an ambition for something else still higher; and, when you had obtained that, yet you were not satisfied. Did you ever find a man in this wide, wide world that was satisfied with the world? When God made man he seems to have made him a little too big for the world, so that he is not satisfied with it. Here is a doctor that has said, "If I can stand at the head of my profession in this city, I will be satisfied." Do you think he will be? Go and ask him if he has found rest in his profession. The lawyer thinks if he can only stand at the head of the bar, he will be satisfied; but he is not. You go and ask the leading merchant, who stands the very highest of all the mercantile men, if he feels satisfied, and you will find that there is a want—there is a need—that is not satisfied. So men are hungering and thirsting after something, they don't know just what.

CHRIST'S OFFER.

But I tell you this Old Book will tell them what they want, and that is what Christ offers to give. It is rest. For four thousand years there was no such offer as this. None of the old prophets said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." The great lawgiver, Moses, did not say that he could give the people rest, but he wanted rest himself; he wanted to go over Jordan and see the goodly land, but he was disappointed. Elijah did not say, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest"; he didn't have it himself—look at him under the juniper tree wishing he was dead. He could not give rest; Moses could not; and the apostles did not offer to give rest, only through Jesus Christ. But, when Christ

said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," that is one of the proofs that he was divine—that he was more than man. If he had only been a prophet, he could not give rest. But he was God-man; he comes down into the world, and gives the world rest.

Now, if I should put it to vote and ask all the men and women who have heard that sweet voice to rise, there would be a thousand that would spring to their feet, and say it is no fiction and no myth; this is a living fact, a living reality; Christ not only took all my sins and rolled them into his empty sepulcher, but he has taken upon him our cares and our burdens, and we have rest of mind.

If this was not true you would have found it out some time during these 1,800 years; but this old promise has been tested nearly 1,900 years, and thank God it is true. If you want rest you can have it; not only from the burden of sin, but rest from the *trials* and *sorrows* of this life. I think a good many Christian people have not found that out. You go into a good many religious meetings and you would think you were at a funeral—the people look so sad and so gloomy, and as if they had so many burdens. Some people look as if they had raked up all their past troubles and sorrows and embalmed them so they could take them out and look at them. But what does the Bible say? "Cast all your burdens upon him, for he careth for you." He cares for me; he wants me to live without sin, to take my cares and my sorrows from me. Now if there is any difficulty it is my fault, for it is my privilege to walk in the unclouded sunlight; it is my privilege to walk without a burden, without a care.

But some of you will say, "You don't know what terrible burdens I have to carry, or you wouldn't talk that way; you don't know what a skeleton there is in my family and how we are trying to keep it secret; you don't know what I am passing through. A lady came to me some time ago and said, 'If you had the sorrow I have got you couldn't talk the way you have.'"

I said, "Have you got a sorrow too great for Christ to bear? Have you a care too great for him to lift?"

"I don't know that I have, but I wouldn't take it to him."

"Then," I said, "is it not your fault? Don't be say, bring all your cares and cast them upon him?"

"Surely, he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." I like that. And then she went on to tell that she had a boy that went astray, and I said the best thing you can do is to lay that burden on Christ; he will carry it for you; he will take care of it.

There was a young man that came up to Chicago from Indiana, and he got into bad company and was led astray. A neighbor of his father's was walking along the streets one day, and he saw a young man drunk, and he saw it was his neighbor's son. He thought if it was his own boy he would like to know it if he was in such a condition as that, and he returned home with the intention of telling the father about it. But at first he could not bear to do it; but one day he did so. It was a terrible blow to that father; and that night, after the children had gone to bed, and the father and mother were alone, the father turned to his wife and said, "I have some bad news to tell you."

She dropped her sewing and said, "What is it?"

"Our boy has been seen intoxicated on the streets of Chicago by Neighbor So-and-So."

They spent that night taking their burden to Jesus Christ; they didn't sleep that night. The next morning about daybreak the mother said: "I don't know when, and I don't know where, but our boy is going to be saved. I know it. God has given me faith to believe it." She rolled the burden upon him. That boy suddenly left Chicago. He traveled three hundred miles, and as he entered his home one day, he said, "Mother, I have come home to ask you to pray for me." That mother had learned where to take her burdens. It is very sweet to me to think that I can take not only my sin, but all my cares and burdens and sorrows to the Lord Jesus Christ. Have any of you got a boy that has gone astray? Go and tell it to Christ. Go and bury your sorrow with him. You know when John the Baptist was beheaded his disciples took up the headless body and buried it, and went away and told Christ. Their sorrow was too great; they could not keep it. If you have a great sorrow, making life dark and bitter, go to Christ. Tell it all to him, and ask him to take your burden for you. He will carry it for you; that is what he wants to do. If you cannot come as a saint come as a sinner.

The trouble is to make men believe Christ means what he says. Your life may be as black as Satan wants it to be—that sweet and gracious voice says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest."

When I was in the north of England, a gentleman stopped at one of our after-meetings, and he said he wanted to come to Christ, but he felt as if he was sealed up inside and couldn't come. He didn't put it, perhaps, in that way, but he felt there was an unseen power that dragged him back. He said he felt as if he was chained up inside. An old Scotchman said, "Why didn't you come, chain and all?" He said he never thought of that, and the chain broke right then and there.

Now, just make up your minds you are going to come. If you can't run,

walk; if you can't walk, creep; but make up your mind you are going to Christ. He is the sinner's friend. If you do come he won't cast you out. This is the precious promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." He will receive you just as you are; he will take you into his keeping; he will take your sorrows and carry them for you.

I want to say right here, my friends, the devil has deceived this world so long and blinded you that you don't believe that Christ means what he says. That is the trouble. You don't lay right down on it and say, "I will believe it." I got hold of a man in Chicago a number of years ago and I gave him promise after promise, and, finally, I took him to this promise I have just quoted, and I said, "Now, read it, and then put that with the 28th verse of the 11th chapter of Matthew." I asked him if he believed it, and he said, "I suppose I do."

"Suppose you do—do you believe it?"

He said, "Yes, it is my business to come, but I don't know how to come."

I said, "If you were hungry and I should ask you to come to my home and get something to eat, you would know how to come?"

"Yes."

"That is the way to come; you go to Christ for the bread of life. You are dead; you want life, and now just come to him as you are this, very minute."

His mind flew off, and I brought him right back to John vi. 37, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

He said, "I will come."

I said, "Let us kneel right down and tell the Lord so." And we got down and I prayed and he prayed. I said to him, "Young man, to-morrow morning very likely Satan will come to you and say you can't be saved that easy. Don't attempt to fight him with your feelings, but just take John vi. 37; and then you fight him with that the next morning and the next year, and as long as you live."

He left me, and the temptation came sooner than I expected. Before he reached home, Satan said: "How do you know the Lord Jesus said it, after all? The translators may have made a mistake and translated it wrong." And he began to doubt and get into darkness; he could not sleep, and he tossed and tumbled until about two o'clock in the morning, and, finally, he lit the light and read that verse, and he said, at last, "I will believe it anyway, and if it is not true, when I see Jesus I will say that I didn't make the mistake—that the translators made the mistake." He said that Satan left him right then and there, and he had no more doubt and no more fear.

We want to take this promise and lay right down on it with all our soul and believe—"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Hold right on to that, and then hold right on to this one in Matthew: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Wouldn't you like rest of soul and mind? wouldn't you like it? He don't sell it; he gives it; and if he gives it, you have got to take it as a gift. He is not down here selling salvation, not peddling it. You have got to take it as a gift if you want rest. You can have it right here and now. If any man or woman goes out of here without rest of soul, it is because you don't believe God is true to his word. Now, this very minute lay right hold of both promises, and say, "I will believe; I will just come." Satan says you are not fit to come. Well, he is a liar, and has been for six thousand years. Give him Scripture every time; he will leave you. I never found a man who met Satan with Scripture who didn't rout him every time. But Satan will fight you every time on your feelings; he can make you feel forty different things every hour; he can play upon your feelings just as a musician plays upon a harp. He can take you up and down and every way, but he can't handle the Word; you are safe when you meet him with that weapon.

When I was in Wales this last time a lady stopping at the same hotel as I was told me of a lady friend of hers in England who had a little child, and it was dying, and the hour had come for her departure, and the little thing was conscious of it up to the last moment; and the mother was trying to divert its mind from earth to heaven—some of you mothers here know what such an hour means—she wanted to take her little child to the Lord Jesus. She told her how she would hear the music of heaven, and it was so much better than any music she had ever heard on earth. "You know, my daughter, you are very fond of music; you will hear the song of Moses and the Lamb around the throne, and you will see the one hundred and forty-four thousand." And the little one said, "O mamma, I am so tired and so sick it would make me worse to hear all that fine music." The mother was disappointed, but, finally, she said, "My child, you will see Jesus and the angels, and you will see the river of life and the jasper walls," and she went on describing heaven as it is described in Revelations and the little sufferer said, "O mamma, don't tell me those things; it would make me worse to see them, I am so tired. And the mother was so disappointed she took the little child up in her arms and pressed her to her loving heart, and the little one said, "O mamma, that is what I want. If Jesus will only take me in his arms and let me rest I will be so happy."

Thank God, that is what he wants to do with every one here. You are tired with the burdens, the trials and the cares of this life. Oh, my friends, come to-day, every one of you, and lay your heads upon the bosom of the Son of God and find rest!

ONE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINE FOR OUR SEVEN SOCIETIES.

BY REV. GEORGE H. LEE.

Why not have it? Pastors seem to want it. Associations ask for it. Our church people say Amen. What hinders?

Well (1), it is a great step to take, and has difficulties. People are attached to the familiar covers of the *Missionary Herald*, *Home Missionary*, etc. The officers of the societies seem to dread the change; that is, some of them. And some are unwilling to take one step at a time, but want to leap from where we are into a weekly illustrated paper—evidently attempting too much, and frustrating the progress of the reform.

Then (2), it requires time to get the one Congregational authority—a majority—aroused. Probably this is where the hitch is—discussion ceases, or limps along, and we are not inspired to arise in might and say to the officers of our societies, consolidate; naturally, these men do not care to take the responsibility of this step upon themselves. Now, let's keep the ball a-rolling in the columns of THE PACIFIC, and know and say just what the majority of our churches and pastors think on consolidating the magazines.

Here, it seems to me, is our present condition in parable. A certain man went out to hunt a bear; his ammunition, powder and shot. He met the bear and blazed away nobly. But he didn't get Bruin. Indeed, he scarcely escaped with his own life. But he escaped, and on a later day sallied forth again, but this time, with his fine shot melted up into bullets he met the beast and conquered! So our churches are warring against a lack of interest in the churches for our tremendous mission to the world. Our war has proved to be with a veritable and grizzly bear. But we have been treating the problem with the bird-shot of scattering and independent magazines. Let's escape for our lives, and consolidate our fine shot into bullets, and both pastors and people will know more and feel more for our benevolent societies and their works than now. Bullets for bears!

More anon. Now let others give us a broadside and let's keep the pot a-boiling till we catch up with the age we live in, in our methods of awakening the interest of the churches.

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Children's Corner.

THE BETTER WAY.

"Tis better to laugh than to cry, dear—
A proverb you'll grant me is true—
"Tis best to forget to be sad, dear;
The heartiness is better than rue.
"Tis best to be glad for what is, dear,
Than to sigh for the things which are not.
The braver to reckon the joys, dear,
Than the troubles that fall to your lot.
"Tis more to be good than to be great, dear;
To be happy is better than wise,
You'll find if you smile at the world, dear,
The world will smile back in your eyes."
—Christian Register.

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

This must be a sermon, because it has a text:
"I keep my body under."
Little Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the cosy library keeping still for a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his rocking-chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples, a rich red and a green. His father sat at a window reading the newspaper. Presently he heard the child say:
"Thank you, little master."
Dropping his paper, he said:
"I thought we were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?"
"Nobody, papa, only you and I."
"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you, little master'?"
The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said:
"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you, papa."
"Well, you have just laughed, and why mayn't I?"
"But I mean you will make fun of me."
"No, I won't make fun of you, but perhaps I'll have fun with you. That will help us digest our roast beef."
"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple and wanted to eat my green one, too. Just then I remembered something I learned in school about eating, and I thought one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed for a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank you, little master'; but I know I said it myself."
"Bertie, what is it Miss M'Laren has been teaching about eating?"
"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says it will make bad blood, that will run into our brains and make them dull and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons well, and, perhaps, give us headaches, too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do, they will give us pure, living blood that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school. Miss M'Laren says that sometimes, when she eats too much of something she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but, when she denies herself and doesn't eat too much, it seems as if it were thankful and glad."
"That's as good preaching as the minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss M'Laren tell you about this matter?"
"She taught us a verse one day about keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just the words, but it's what it meant."
At this papa's paper went suddenly right up before his face. When, in a minute, it dropped down there wasn't any laugh on his face, as he said:
"Were not these the words, 'I keep my body under'?"
"Oh, yes! that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."
"Of course it is, my boy. Keep your soul on top, and you'll belong to the grandest style of men that walks on earth."
—Presbyterian.

HIS HEART IN IT.

A manufacturer in Philadelphia lately told to a friend the story of one of his superintendents.
"Twelve years ago a boy applied to me for work. He was employed at low wages. Two days later the awards of premiums were made to manufacturers at the Centennial Exhibition.
"Passing down Chestnut street early in the morning, I saw Bob poring over the bulletin board in front of a newspaper office. Suddenly he jerked off his cap with a shout.
"What is the matter?" some one asked.
"We have taken a medal for sheet-ings," he exclaimed.
"I said nothing, but kept my eye on Bob. The boy who could identify himself in two days with my interests would be of use to me hereafter.
"His work was to deliver packages. I found that he took a real pride in it. His wagon must be cleaner, his horse better fed, his orders filled more promptly, than those of the men belonging to any other firm. He was as zealous for the house as though he had been a partner in it. I have advanced him step by step. His fortune is made, and the firm have added to their capital so much energy and force."
"Never buy a draught horse," says the Farmer's Guide, "which needs the whip to make him pull."
We find in a Southern newspaper a remark which points the same truth in other circumstances. A Northern man, with a small capital, settled ten years ago in a town in Georgia. He established a thriving business, started a library, a lyceum, street-cars and a hospital, and became one of the most popular men in the town.

When he died last summer, the leading journal said: "The secret of the powerful influence which this stranger acquired among us was that he never said, 'I and mine,' but 'we and ours,' and he meant it."

Most of the boys who read the Companion will soon begin to earn their livelihood in some profession, trade or handicraft. The lad who does his work, however faithfully, with no interest in it beyond his wages on Saturday night, is only a hireling, and will remain so to the end.

But we find among these, now and then, a young man who throws into his work in the doctor's or lawyer's or newspaper office, or machine shop, or the railway, or the mine, as much zeal and enthusiasm as the crusader carried under his banner. If he be only a hod carrier, he identifies himself with the architect and takes a pride in the building.

He is the man who is happy in his work and succeeds in it.—Youth's Companion.

TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS, YOUNG MAN.

To begin with, it does not look well when a young man crooks his arms and thrusts his hands into his pockets, making a figure eight of himself, and then stands up against the sunny side of the house, like a rooster in December. How would the girls look all turned into eights and leaning against the wall? How would your mother look in that posture? Catch her doing it! You don't find her hands in her pockets. Your mother's hands! While you are loafing they are the hands that sow and bake and stew and fry and sweep and darn and nurse; but she does not sink them in her pockets and then loiter against a building. Are your hands cold? Warm them up at the end of the hoe-handle and scythe. Swing the hammer; drive the plane; flourish the ax. There is untold caloric about the spade, trowel and wrench. Besides, pocket heat is not profitable. Have you money there, though? Are your pockets the safes in which you have hidden treasures, and your hands the bolts that secure the safe-door? Money may be there to-day, but it won't be a guest over to-morrow night. An idler's money is apt to leap out of his pocket. It is likely to go for a pipe, a cigar, a tobacco plug, a mug of ale. There is no money in pocket-warming. Take your hands out of your pockets, young man. You are losing time. Time is valuable. People feel it at the other end of the line, when death is near and eternity pressing them into such small quarters, for the work of this life craves hours, days, weeks, years. If those at this end of the line of youth, with its abundance of resources, would only feel that time was precious! Time is a quarry. Every hour may be a nugget of gold. It is time in whose invaluable moments we build our bridges, spike the iron rails to the sleepers, launch our ships, dig our canals, run our factories. You might have planted twenty hills of potatoes while I have been talking to you, young man. Take your hands out of your pockets.—Christian Banner.

WHAT TO TEACH BOYS.

A philosopher has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."
What is it they ought to know, then?
1. To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet and be true and genuine in intention and in action—rather than being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach boys that truth is more than riches, more than earthly power or possessions.
2. To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body.
3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comfort of others. To be polite, to be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.
4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.
When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, however poor, or however rich, he has learned the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.—Selected.

SWEAR NOT AT ALL.

It is said that in Japan one seldom or never hears curses or oaths, or anything like that form of profanity.
A missionary who tries to explain the teachings of the Scriptures against cursing and swearing has sometimes found it hard to make the natives understand just what he means.
The Japanese are not in the habit of committing this sin, and the question they naturally ask is, "Why should any one want to be thus profane?" Sure enough! What is the use of it? The person who swears gets no good from it. The man to whom he swears is not hurt by it. To say the least, it is absolutely useless. Alas! that anyone in a Christian land should be guilty of the sin! Yet how many living close to Christian churches might learn a good lesson in this matter from the Japanese!—Mission Dayspring.

A RICH MAN ON RICHES.

The following story, says the Wayside, is told of Jacob Ridgway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of six million dollars. "Mr. Ridgway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know. 'Why so?' responded Mr. Ridgway, 'I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied.' 'What, sir!' exclaimed the young man, in astonishment. 'Why, are you not a millionaire? Think of the thousands your income brings you every month!' 'Well, what of that?' replied Mr. Ridgway. 'All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance or wear more than one suit at a time. Pray, can't you do as much?' 'Ah, but,' said the youth, 'think of the hundreds of fine houses you own and the rental they bring you!' 'What better am I off for that?' replied the rich man. 'I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are beneficiaries, not I.' 'But you can buy splendid furniture and costly pictures and fine carriages and horses—in fact, what you desire.' 'And after I have bought them,' responded Mr. Ridgway, 'what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you in an omnibus for five cents, with the trouble and attention to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to 'anything I desire,' I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy back my youth, cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain, cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death; and then, what will all avail when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me.' The fountain of content must spring up in the mind, and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he proposes to remove.—Ex.

A POOR BOY'S NOBLE RESOLUTION.

I know I am poor; but I am not ragged, and I will try to be honest. I can go to the Sunday-school, and there I can get many a tract and pretty book; and my teacher says if I get the knowledge of Christ I shall be richer than many a man who owns thousands of dollars. Yes, I am poor! But I am not near poor enough to sell on Sunday, or to go to drinking saloons.
What if I am poor? My teacher says the blessed Saviour was poor. He says the apostles were poor. And he says God loves the poor.
I will sing a little bit before I work:
"He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is poor no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

Thank you for that, good John Bunyan. They say you were a poor boy yourself once; no better than a tinker. Very well, you are rich enough now, I dare say.
I don't see, after all, but that I can sing as gaily as if I had a thousand dollars. Money does not lighten people's hearts. There is Mr. Jones; he is very rich, but I never heard him sing a hymn in his life. His cheek is paler than mine, and his arm is thinner; and I am sure he can't sleep sounder than I.
No, I am not so poor, either. This fine spring morning I feel quite rich. The fields and flowers are mine. The red clouds yonder, where the sun is going to rise, are mine. All these robins and thrushes and larks are mine. I never was sick in my life. I have bread and water. What could money buy for me more than this? I thought I was poor, but I am rich.

The birds have no purse or pocket-book; neither have I. They have no pains or aches; neither have I. They have food and drink; so have I. They are cheerful; so am I. They are taken care of by the Lord; so am I.—Temperance Banner.

THE SONG ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The following story of a "song in the night" is related in the account of the labors of the "Christian Commission" of the United States during the great civil war in America:

A brave and godly captain in one of our Western regiments told one of his story, as we were moving him to the hospital. He was shot through both thighs with a rifle bullet, a wound from which he could not recover. While lying on the field, he suffered intense agony from thirst. He supported his head upon his hand, while the rain from heaven was falling around him. In a little time quite a pool of water collected in the hole made by his elbow. If he could only get to that puddle he could quench his thirst. He tried to get into a position to suck up a mouthful of muddy water, but was unable to reach it.

Said he, "I never felt such disappointment before—so needy, so near, and yet so helpless. By-and-by night fell, and the stars shone out clear and beautiful above the dark field; and I began to think of the great God, who had given his son to die a death of agony for me, and that he was up there—up above the scene of suffering, and above those glorious stars; and I felt I was going home

to meet him and praise him there; and that I ought to praise him here in my wounds and in the rain, and I began to sing with my parched lips—

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

"There was a Christian brother in the brush near me. I could not see him, but I could hear him. He took up the strain; and beyond him another and another caught it up, all over the battlefield of Shiloh; and long into the night the echo was resounding, as we made the field of battle ring with hymns of praise to God."

PROOF-READING.

If the readers of the newspapers understood one-half the difficulties in procuring accuracy, instead of wondering and scolding at mistakes, they would be surprised that there are not many more. How few persons appreciate the services of a proof-reader! He is one of the most important agents in the production of a correct literature, and the one of whom no reader thinks. His is the most thankless of all employments among men. Let him bring out a paper without a fault for weeks and weeks in succession, and nobody thinks of him; but let him allow an error to go uncorrected, and immediately he is known only to be censured. He has no thanks for his laborious patience, but blame if he be not faultless. He is certain of one of two things—forgetfulness or censure. In general, human life is much after this fashion: A man goes on through years of blameless living, and no one notices or thanks him; but an error, a mistake, a slip, will attract to him the attention of censure. None but God knows what struggles, what carefulness, what watchfulness, have been necessary to secure the propriety which has marked his course for years; nor what circumstances of trial created the weakness which caused him to let go his hold for a moment. "God is not unkindly," is the blessed assurance of holy Scripture. Let us take the "proof" of last year, and correct for the new edition of the next. Let us be "pitiful" and forbearing toward the faults of others.
"What's done, we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

THE RESULT OF A DREAM.

There was once a mechanic at Bristol, Eng., whose name was Watts. He was by trade a shot-maker. Watts had to take great bars of lead and pound them into sheets of a thickness about equal to the diameter of the shot he desired to make. Then he cut the sheets into little cubes, which he rolled into a revolving barrel until the corners were worn off from the constant friction. The Chicago Mail thus related the rest of the story: "Watts, after an evening spent with some jolly companions at the ale-house, went home and turned into bed. He dreamed he was out again with the 'boys.' They were all trying to find their way home when it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead, polished and shining fell in torrents. In the morning when Watts arose he remembered the dream, and wondered what shape molten lead would take in falling a distance through the air. At last he carried a ladleful of the hot metal up into the steeple of the church of St. Mary of Redcliffe, and dropped it into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of perfect shot, far superior to any he had ever seen. Watts' fortune was made, for he had conceived the idea of the shot tower, which has ever since been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so much used in war and sport."

A BOY SHOULD LEARN

To build a fire scientifically;
To fill the wood box every night;
To shut doors in summer to keep the flies out;
To shut doors without slamming;
To shut them in winter to keep the cold out;
To do errands promptly and cheerfully;
To get ready to go away without the united efforts of mother and sister;
To be gentle to his little sisters;
To wash dishes and make his bed when necessary;
To sew on a button and darn a stocking;
To be kind to all animals.
To have a dog if possible, and make a companion of him;
To ride, row, shoot and swim;
To be manly and courageous;
To let cigarettes alone.—Thekla Kelman.

EXPRESSIONS TO AVOID.

The list of words, phrases and expressions to be avoided by ladies of Wellesley College includes the following:
"I guess so," for I suppose so, or I think so.
"Fix things," for arrange things, or prepare things.
The use of "ride" and "drive" interchangeably.
"Real good" or "real nice," for very good or really nice.
"I have studied some," for studied somewhat, or "I have not studied any," for not studied at all.
"Not as I know," for not that I know.
"Try an experiment," for make an experiment.
"Had rather," for would rather, and "had better," for would rather.
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Miscellany.

THE WARMTH OF A WORD.

'Twas a day in the dead of winter,
And the echo of hurried feet
Struck sharp from the icy pavement
Of the pitiless city street.

Each passer-by was loath to linger,
Though wrapped in a fur-clad fold;
For the air was a-tingle with frost flakes,
And the sky was benumbed with cold.

The cimeter wind, in its fury,
Bore down like a sweeping foe;
The tempest was waiting the onset,
And abroad were its scouts of snow.

Yet, midst it all, with his tatters
A flap in the whirling blast,
A child who seemed born of the winter—
A creature of penury—passed.

So tremulous were his accents,
As he shivered and crouched and sung,
That the names of the mumbled papers
Seemed frozen upon his tongue.

He paused for a bitter moment,
As a wondrously genial face
Arrested his voice and held him
With a pity that warmed the place.

"Have a paper?" The kind eye glistened,
As the stranger took the sheet,
And glanced at the stiffened fingers,
And thought of the icy feet.

Then dropped in his hand the value
Of his fifty papers sold;
"Ah, poor little friend!" he faltered,
"Don't you shiver and ache with cold?"

The boy, with a gulp of gladness,
Sobbed out, as he raised his eye
To the warmth of the face above him,
"I did, sir—till you passed by!"

—Christian Union.

THE FUNCTIONS OF GOVERNMENT
EXEMPLIFIED IN THE NEW
REGIME AT NIAGARA.

Bacon's doctrine of the wisdom of occasional excess is constantly justified. Insistence upon strict logical uniformity and consistency of action with a certain theory of conduct is not wise, because the theory is necessarily based upon imperfect knowledge. Mill points out that the English race has practically achieved most for liberty because it is not politically logical. It repairs in the light of experience, rather than remakes in accordance with a dogma. Jefferson's apothegm that it is the best government which governs least, is sound, but it must be tempered with Bacon's occasional excess; that is, occasional departure from the general rule.

The demand for practical politicians rather than doctrinaires, and the impatience with those who are called visionaries in politics, arise from the consciousness that allowance must be always made, that to see a remote star you must look a little on one side of it, and that there are laws of disorder. It is certain that the best governments are full of inconsistencies, and consequently that a public project is not in accord with a good general theory. In this country the general principle following Jefferson's apothegm is that the government should confine itself to protecting individual liberty of action, assuming that such freedom will accomplish all that is essential for public progress and development, without complaint that any class or interest is more favored than others.

But this principle is disregarded in two of the most vitally important institutions of the country—the postoffice and the common school. There is no doubt that individual enterprise would carry the mails and provide schools. But the government, going beyond the protection of individual liberty, and beyond taxation limited to the amount of the necessary expenses of government in discharging that duty, manages in the nation the postoffice, and in the States the schools. The practical reason and justification are that these are both great public conveniences of a kind, which in our situation makes it better for the general welfare that they should be a public rather than a private care. Here is a wise excess, a useful departure from the rigidity of exact consistencies.

This is a strain of reflection of which many a loiterer at Niagara this summer was perhaps conscious, as he contrasted the present freedom of that grand spectacle with its recent peril from destroying obstructions. Yet the emancipation of the great cataract has been secured, as many of the noblest medieval buildings were erected, by a distinct violation of the letter of the Jeffersonian apothegm. The ghost of Jefferson might well ask: If the public is to be taxed for a pleasure-ground, why not for sanitary excursions? If the government is to undertake to carry letters and parcels, why not passengers? If the State should maintain schools, why not support colleges and museums?

But Bacon says that while occasional excess is good, the wise rule is temperance. The strength of States is the self-respecting and self-sustaining citizen, and the excess must always stop short of injury to those qualities. The State is composed of citizens, and whatever they decide, upon mature reflection, to be best for the general welfare, they may properly decide to do, since they must do it at their own cost. Public spirit is the spirit in a community which considers the benefit of the whole as well as the advantage of the individual, and which willingly helps to secure that general benefit, if it can be secured without injury to the larger benefit of the whole, which consists in developing and maintaining individual self-reliance.

The purchase by the State of the grounds surrounding Niagara Falls, for the purpose of removing obstructions and securing forever the inviolate grandeur of the spectacle, is one of the striking recent illustrations of true public spirit. It could not be urged that a pecuniary

revenue would be returned to the State from the purchase, nor that it would not be an annual expense properly to maintain the grounds. The argument was that it was an unparalleled scene of natural sublimity, within the domain of the State, that its unobstructed contemplation was a high moral benefit to the community, and that the consciousness of its neglect and of its practical destruction as a natural spectacle would be morally injurious to the people. It was an argument quite beyond the usual range of arguments for an appropriation of public money. But it is honorable to the State that the force of the argument was appreciated, and that the grant was made.

The third annual report of the Commissioners announces that all legal proceedings connected with the acquisition of the reservation are finally closed, and that they have now undisturbed control of the entire territory. The total receipts from sales, from the inclined railway, leases, etc., during the three years since the organization of the Commission, are \$44,769 26, and the total disbursements in the same time are \$32,926 11. The receipts from sales and leases will soon cease. The estimated cost of maintenance for the next year is \$18,220, and the estimated receipts, including a balance of \$11,843 15, will be \$19,835 15. Upon the basis of these estimates, the present annual cost of maintenance will be about \$18,000 or \$20,000, and the annual receipts about \$8,000 or \$10,000.

The report of the Superintendent is full of interesting facts. He states that since the establishment of the reservation, Niagara has attracted various conventions and meetings, and the peculiarly pleasant advantages of the place for such assemblies will attract them more and more. A very interesting detail in the report is the account of excursions to the Falls from June 1st to October 24th. A daily record was kept of the number of cars and the estimated number of persons, as well as the places whence the excursions came, and the society, school or church, if there were any, under whose auspices they were made. The pilgrims came from Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and all parts of Canada and New York. During the five months 3,769 excursion cars arrived, bringing 187,781 persons. On the 19th of August fourteen railway trains arrived, containing more than 10,000 persons. Order was easily maintained, no accident occurred, and no injury was done to the property of the State.

This is a very satisfactory story, and no one can read it without rejoicing that the State was wise enough, for its own honor and for the benefit and delight of the whole country, to emancipate Niagara.—Harper's Magazine.

A BONFIRE OF BIBLES.

Again and again it is denied by Roman Catholic apologists that Bibles have or are burned as an evidence of Roman Catholic hostility to the circulation of the Scriptures. Imagine what was the extent of the fury which raged against the Bible in the vernacular, when Romanism ruled the rulers of Europe, by this outbreak, which is thus recorded by the Madrid correspondent of the London Daily News, and quoted in the Evening Post. He says that "the Liberal Government tries in vain to enforce the spirit of toleration among the authorities and subjects of his Most Catholic Majesty. Very recently in Biscay, an agent of the Bible Society was attacked and insulted by twenty young Catholic students led by a Jesuit father, who excited the lads to take possession of, tear up, and make a pious bonfire of the Bibles, Testaments, and tracts. The Spanish judges, after carefully investigating the case, declined to send the offenders before the tribunal for the assault and the destruction of the property of the Foreign Bible Society. The students, and not the Jesuit father, who was the principal instigator of the outrage, will have to appear before the municipal magistrate, who can only inflict a fine and a few days' arrest, even if they are convicted. Whilst this treatment is meted out to foreigners and Protestants, the Spanish courts of justice send journalists to penal servitude for criticising the State religion." In the face of such incidents as this, we are taught not merely by Romanists, but by weak Protestants, that we should consider the Roman Church as a great ally in the work of enlightening humanity in the principles of religious truth and civil liberty. We estimate Romanism by the exhibition it makes of itself when it has the opportunity to display its spirit. It burns Bibles when it can, because it believes that Bibles in the hands of the people are incendiary documents that will consume the cherished corruptions of their ecclesiastical establishment.—Observer.

WALKING ON THE WATER.—C. W. Oldreive lately accomplished the task of walking on the water of the Hudson river from Albany to New York; distance about 150 miles. His average progress was twenty-four miles a day. He always went with the tide. The shoes he wore are made of cedar, lined with brass. They are five feet long, and a foot wide. Each is air tight, with a space in the center for the foot. On the bottom are three fins, so arranged that when the shoe moves forward they are pressed up against the bottom, and when the shoe is at rest they hang downward, like paddle wheel buckets.—Scientific American.

Submission is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.

GLEANINGS.

If we measure distance by time, we are not far from home.—Spurgeon.

The unrest of the weary world is its unvoiced cry after God.—T. T. Munger.

Four elements of Christian life and experience: First, admit; second, submit; third, commit; fourth, transmit.—Canon Wilberforce.

The rest of Christ is not that of torpor, but that of harmony; it is not refusing the struggle, but conquering in it.—F. W. Robertson.

His own medicine and balsam for the wounds and fever-heats of life: "Be still and know that I am God.—J. R. Macduff, D.D.

Earnestness commands the respect of mankind. A wavering, vacillating, dead-and-alive Christian does not get the respect of the church or the world.—John Hall.

"All the words in the world end somewhere and leave something that they cannot touch, but the love of God never ends, and it goes to the bottom of every trouble."

The best remedy for our discontent is to count up our mercies. By the time we have reckoned up a part of these, we shall be on our knees praising the Lord for his great mercy and love.—The Quiver.

Cling fast to the Hand which is leading you. Though it be in darkness, though it be in deep waters, you know whom you have believed. Infinite love, joined to infinite skill, shall pilot the way through every strait and trial.—J. Alexander.

Sudden or slow, easy or hard, death advances as God sends it; nay, it is no longer death; it is Jesus who comes to fetch me. Provided that it is indeed he, and that I feel his presence, and confide in his loved ones to his care, the rest matters little. Certainly, it will be he.—Countess de Gasparin.

Read the Bible when you are fresh and wide awake; when the brain is clear and you are not pressed for time. Read it as the only book on earth that has dropped down from heaven, as your directory for life and your guide to immortality, and it will become a new book to you altogether.—Rev. J. Thain Davidson.

Prayer is a closing of the eyes on things seen, and opening them on things unseen. It is penitence vocal, faith making its profession, and love kindling into a flame. It is a heart brought to the altar, a flower opening to the benignant eye of heaven. It is a putting off the shoes at Horeb. It is a walk to Emmaus. It is to be present in the upper chamber; to sit quietly by the Saviour's side, lean the head on his bosom, and feel the beating of Immanuel's heart.—A. C. Thompson.

Take hold with God, in his steady work for lifting up the world, and you shall fairly forget that there are these grasshoppers and crickets screaming and chirping and asking questions around you, even if they aspire so far, in their wrangling disputations, as to doubt whether there be any world, be any heaven, be any God, or any life worth living. Let your vine blossom and bear fruit; let the fruit ripen and hang in fragrant and luscious branches heavy upon the bough, and you do not put the knife to the bark to see if the vine is alive. Nay, you do not argue with any one who asks you if it be worth the manure you spread about its roots. Live in the life which enlarges; live with all your might in the life of God, and you forget that any one has asked whether life is worth the living.—E. E. Hale.

They tell us that in Scotland is a battlefield on which the natives of the soil and the Saxons once met in terrible conflict. No monument marks the scene of the bloody fight. All over the field grows the beautiful Scotch heather, except in one spot. There a little blue flower grows abundantly. No flowers like them are to be found for many a league around. Why are they there? The reason is this: Just in the spot where they grow the bodies of the slain were buried, and the earth was saturated with the blood and the remains of the unhappy victims. The seeds of these flowers were there before. As soon as the blood touched them, they sprang up. They developed. And every blue flower on Culloden's field, as it bends to the mountain breeze, is a memorial of the brave warriors who dyed that heathery sod with their crimson gore. So it is with character. The seeds of action lie deep beneath the surface—the seeds of heroism and the seeds of crime. Good and evil germs lie latent in the heart. For a lifetime they may remain unknown and unrecognized; perhaps never are developed in this lower world. The seeds of the blue flowers at Culloden would, probably, have lain there undetected to this day, but for the trickling about them of human blood. That called them forth.—T. L. Cuyler.

FRANKLIN AND THE "CA IRA" OF
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The galleries of the museum contain the remarkably complete collection of revolutionary relics formed by the late M. de Lieveville. We will merely glance en passant at the picture-gallery, where we shall notice a curious painting by Raguet, representing the famous Place de Greve, the scene of the beginning of all the revolutions of Paris. Opposite the Hotel de Ville, at the corner of the Rue de la Vannerie, was the first lantern or lamp-iron, and over it stood a bust of Louis XIV, the sign of a loyal grocery store. It was on this Place de

Greve that the old regime executed its criminals; it was on this Place de Greve that the Revolution summarily executed its victims by stringing them up on the lantern. In 1789 the lamp-iron had its lanterns like the *ai-devant* Virgin, and its poets like Anne de Navarre, while that Athenian wit, Camille Desmoulins, styled himself its attorney-general (*procureur de la lanterne*). So great did the popularity of the lamp-iron become, that the public headman renounced his rights and dues, "notably his exclusive privilege of quartering, breaking on the wheel, burning, hanging and beheading," and exhorted "honorable amateurs" to preserve and propagate the use of the lamp-iron. The accompaniment of these summary executions is the song of "Ca ira," just as the "Carmagnole" became the song of the guillotine, while both were chanted round the Liberty trees. These two airs and their refrains were the highest expression of patriotism. Here is a verse of the famous "Carillon national":

"Ah! ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Les aristocrates a la lanterne.
Ah! ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Les aristocrates on les pendra.
Le despotisme expirera.
L'egalite triomphera."

The French owe this refrain to no less a celebrity than Benjamin Franklin. Every day Franklin used to be asked, out of real interest or merely out of politeness, how the American revolution was getting on, and Benjamin smiled through his spectacles and replied, invariably: "Ca ira! ca ira!" (It will go). The revolution caught the phrase and made it into a hymn, which gradually became the Alleluia of bloodshed.—Harper's Magazine.

"RELIGION CONSISTS IN A HOLY
LIFE."

Guthrie illustrated the emptiness of a mere profession by the simile of a tree lying across the path, apparently a fair and mighty object; but the foot lightly placed upon it breaks through the bark and sinks down into the body, for insects and poisonous fungi have attacked the core and hollowed out the heart. "Take care," said he, "that your heart is not hollowed out, and nothing left but the crust and shell of empty profession." There are some who began the Christian life full of warmth, ardor and zeal, who are still regular attendants at religious services, but scarcely the fruit-bearing branches that witness nearness to the Master; it would be possible to live beneath their roof in a state of unconsciousness as to religious influences, which certainly ought not to be the case with any who name the name of Christ. Religion is not a matter for Sundays only, for outside respectability, or even a mere matter of subscriptions and religious work, but it is a vital, every-day concern, affecting the heart. It is an easy thing, but a dangerous condition, for us to glide into the customary groove of attending meetings and performing good works, thereby increasing our responsibilities the more while our own souls are full of worldly tendril. It has been truly said that it costs but little nowadays to multiply copies of the Bible in our homes; our personal concern must be that God's Word is hidden within our hearts, and that it is the rule and chart whereby we are steering the bark of our every-day life, not only in perilous places when storms seem threatening, but when all around us things betoken fair weather and prosperity.—Quiver.

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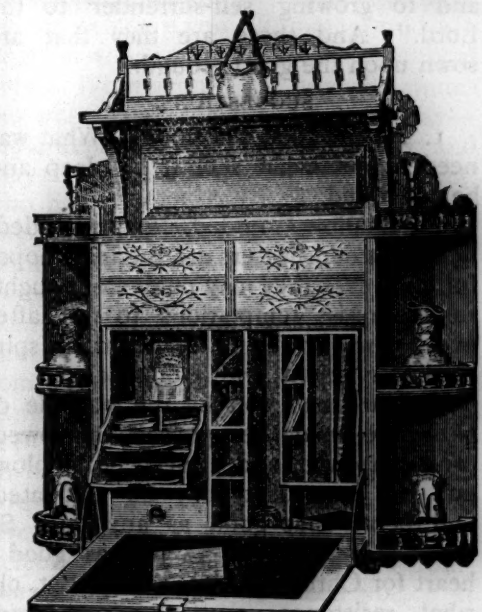


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IN MEMORIAM.

One of the pillars of the "Good Will" Sabbath-school in Oakland has suddenly fallen. One of its thoroughly honest and truly sincere friends has been taken away—one who was on the ground when its corner-stone was laid, and who offered the first prayer for its blessing; who stepped to the front, three years ago, on the day when the first call for volunteers was made; and who never, to the last moment, shirked to the rear. He looked over the field in the beginning, and said trustingly, "Let us go up; we are well able to take it." He had unwavering faith that the neighborhood about Seventh and Market streets was one of the best mission grounds in Oakland, and he always spoke of the little band that worked there as one of the most faithful he had ever met. He drew plans for the new chapel, and was a close and constant overseer of the work until the building stood complete, in its simple beauty, for Christian dedication. And so for any and all work—manual labor or prayer—that would help on the work he loved, he was always ready.

Mr. Merwin has been called away from this and all other earthly work. The little chapel will never echo to his footsteps or his voice again, but we feel that his spiritual presence will still be there, and that its power will fall upon us. Mr. Merwin's work was not limited to the Good Will school. When the East Oakland Congregational church was organized, he entered its ranks. He was a constant helper in its Sunday-school and in the prayer-meeting, and in all other work where he could lend a hand. He had just been elected one of its deacons. He had been recently engaged also in some evangelistic work, while on a visit to Chico, and again at Lincoln, where, in the midst of the "refreshing," he dropped and passed away. Mr. Merwin was not a trained evangelist, nor a scholar, nor a brilliant speaker, nor one who was magnetic in his exhortations. He was not Paul, but possibly he could be called a Barnabas, Paul's helper. He was only a simple, honest and faithful layman in Christ's vineyard, and his honesty, his sincerity, his readiness to help anywhere, his zeal to do something by which to honor Christ, are the lessons he has left us, and we are sure the legacy is not a small or trifling one—not one for us or any one to despise. It was said of one in the gospels "She hath done what could." These five words are her only biography, but they made her immortal. Let us heed the suggestion. "Go thou and do likewise."

H. P. C.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, Since it has seemed good to our Heavenly Father to suddenly call home to himself our brother and fellow-worker in our "Good Will" Sunday-school, Mr. E. C. Merwin; therefore, be it

Resolved (1), That we submit humbly to the divine wisdom, while we bow reverently in our bereavement, earnestly beseeching Him to remember graciously in their affliction the members of the family left behind.

(2) That we in the school, where he worked with so great interest, personally take to heart the lesson that comes to us in this sudden call, and emulate, so far as in us lies, the virtues that shaped his character.

(3) That we will ever hold in our minds and hearts, in our daily life, his conscientious fidelity to religious duty, his consecration in spiritual work, his marked humility, that led him willingly to take up work in any place—in any position, however subordinate—without complaint; his strong faith, that gave him courage and hope when others were faint-hearted; his unshaken confidence in the final success of the work in our own "Good Will," and sincere belief that the earnest prayer of faithful Christians in all such work is always answered.

(4) That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the stricken family, as an expression of our love and remembrance of him, and of sympathy for them in their trial.

H. P. CARLTON,
H. M. HEFLIN,
THOS. HAVENS,

Committee of the Good Will Sabbath-school of the First Congregational Church, Oakland.

January 12, 1889.

Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, in a letter to Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts of New York, heartily endorses the petition to Congress for the law forbidding Sunday work in the Government's mail and military service and in interstate commerce. He says that he is most happy to add his name to those of the millions of others who are laudably contending against the violation of the Christian Sabbath by unnecessary labor, and who are endeavoring to promote its decent and proper observance by judicious legislation. To the same effect the *Catholic Home*, a paper published in Chicago, referring to the movement in this city, which is now getting under headway, "to abolish the Sunday slavery, and to suppress Sunday crime," says that Catholic sentiment in this city, which has lain so long dormant under flagitious outrage, is at last awakening and anxious to do battle for home and altar, and declares that new vigor will now be put into the struggle of good citizenship against anarchy.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, FEB. 3. MARK 4: 10-20.

BY REV. H. E. JEWETT.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

We have here—not the parable itself, for which see verses 3-9—but Christ's own reason for speaking in parables and his interpretation of this parable.

I. *Why did Christ speak in parables?* When he was addressing a company wholly friendly he used plain declarations of fact, but in speaking to mixed assemblies, composed of curious, unfriendly and prejudiced hearers, he often used parables, or similitudes. Occasionally he used argument, and rarely silence. Among other reasons for the use of parables we may mention these:

1. "Unbelievers would not so readily elicit the spiritual truth from this symbolic form, and hence not so easily pervert it to their own condemnation." Thus it averted from them the doom of hardening themselves under the truth.

2. "It was impossible to found and prefer charges of heresy against his teaching when propounded in that manner, even although hostile hearers might have comprehended its import."

3. "The parables were an exhibition of the spiritual history of Christ's kingdom, presented in pictures and figures derived from the things of this world." This comparison would of itself show that "the kingdom" is not of this world.

II. *Christ's first parable—the sower.* This is one of eight parables spoken from the boat to the people on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. Matthew (chapter 13) gives seven; Mark two of the seven and an eighth, and Luke (chapters 8 and 13) three of the seven. All give the parable of the sower. To the multitude "that are without" the story of the sower was meaningless. To those who really desired to know the truth Christ makes explanation.

III. *The Sower—Christ sowing freely and with unsparring hand; Christ's disciples laboring with and for him in all ages.* You and I ought to be sowers for him. Are we?

IV. *The Seed—"The word of the kingdom" (Matt.); "the word" (Mark); "the word of God" (Luke); the gospel.*

V. *The soil—Human hearts, classified as follows:*
1. Those "trodden down and beaten down into hard, impenetrable soil by the lowest and meanest kind of worldliness and corruption." These are they by the wayside. They hear, but are not impressed by the truth. Neither the playground in a school yard nor the sidewalk in front of it would be chosen for a grain field.

2. "Mere weathercocks, turning with every change of wind; the word apparently springing up with marvelous rapidity, but not having root, withering away in the hour of trial." These, in like manner, are they that are sown upon the rocky places—not in fields full of stones, but where there is shallow soil over a ledge of rock.

3. "Earnest but legal minds, promising but superficial hearers, whose divided heart or worldliness causes them to lose the reward." These are they that are sown among the thorns. The heart cannot receive at the same time holy and worldly impressions. Questionable occupations and over-confidence in the importance of earthly possessions are thorns, not wheat.

4. "Souls whom the hearing of the word leads to its practical understanding and to growing self-surrender to the Lord." And those are they that are sown upon the good ground.

SUGGESTIONS.

1. All the soil was good. What was needed was that it should be deep and be cultivated.

2. Shallow-minded, empty-headed, fickle-minded hearers are the least hopeful. Yet even they may cultivate thoughtfulness, resist temptations to run after every new "ism," and deepen their spiritual convictions, with God's help.

3. Hardened soil by the wayside or elsewhere may be plowed, harrowed, cross-harrowed, and, if need be, re-plowed. In a word, it may be cultivated, and then it is as good as any soil. So the hardened heart is just as good a heart for Christ to save as any, but, oh, what resistance must be overcome! What pride must be humbled, what furrows of conviction must be painfully plowed! Better far to keep the feet of worldliness from making a sidewalk of our passions, our affections, our principles, that our souls may not become hardened to resist, or be indifferent to the divine truth.

4. Weeds, as we all know, grow without cultivation. Sinful desires and purposes and habits are weeds. They will grow rank and tall in young hearts unless parents and teachers cultivate those hearts and sow good seed.

5. Good seed will not be fruitful simply because sown, but when sown in well-cultivated soil it will never fail to bring forth many fold if God favors with due proportion of sun and rain. In the spiritual field God always does his part. When there is failure the responsibility rests with him who has neglected (1) to sow good seed, or (2) to cultivate his own or others' hearts, that they may be ready to receive the word of truth.

6. Our reward for Christian labor will not be proportioned to our effort, even if we are faithful. One congregation may have a large proportion of wayside hearers, another of shallow-soil hearers, and yet these pastors may be as faithful as the one whose hearers are well trained in the Scriptures. It is more satisfactory to sow the middle of the well-filled field than near the hard-trodden or weed-

grown edges, but some of the best of the harvest grows where we least expect it. If we sow much and reap little, God blesses the sowing, and it may be given to another to shout the harvest home.

"Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stow;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;
Scatter it on the rock."

"The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not everywhere;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere."

HUMBOLDT ASSOCIATION.

EUREKA, Jan. 17, 1889.
The Humboldt Association met this week in the Second church in this city with Pastor Bowman. The opening sermon was delivered Tuesday evening by Brother Pascoe of Rio Del, from Acts ii: 37, "Now, when they heard this they were pricked in their hearts." It was a straight, evangelical gospel sermon, delivered with force and earnestness. Owing to the non-arrival of some of the delegates, organization was deferred till Wednesday morning, when Rev. W. H. Pascoe was chosen Moderator, and Brother D. McGeorge, delegate of the Second church, Eureka, was chosen Scribe. The Ferndale church was represented by its pastor, Rev. J. F. Bacon; that of Hydesville and Rohnerville by Pastor McDonald; the Mission Work at Rio Del and Scotia by Rev. Brother Pascoe; the First and Second churches of Eureka by their pastors and delegates.

The sessions observed the usual order by preliminary devotional services, which were followed with papers and discussions on living subjects of practical interest and importance.

In the forenoon of Wednesday, the time was principally given to a consideration of the condition and wants of the Hoopa Indians. Dr. Ruddock, late Government physician, then made a clear statement of the character and surroundings of the tribe. Brothers McDougal and Bowman, both of whom have visited the reservation and carefully inquired into its moral condition, also gave the results of their inquiries, all of which culminated in the appointment of a committee to memorialize the A. M. A. to send a missionary teacher into that neglected field.

In the afternoon the report from all the churches in the Association was heard, which represented them all now in a healthful condition, and, in some of them, very gratifying progress since the last meeting. This was followed by a paper by Rev. C. A. Huntington, on the subject of "Hell as a Factor in the Christian Gospel." The view taken by the writer is that hell is a spiritual fact, subjective to the soul of the sinner. Of this the material imagery of the Bible is symbolic, which fact neither lowers down nor subtracts from, but intensifies its awful terrors. The paper gave rise to a very interesting discussion, participated in by all the clerical members, also by Brother Todd, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Arcata, which filled all the time to the hour of adjournment.

In the evening, Rev. J. F. Bacon read an able paper on "Moral and Religious Instruction in the Public Schools," which so completely exhausted the subject that the Association voted to waive discussion and give the balance of the time to a review of "Robert Elsmere," by Rev. W. H. McDougal, which duty he did in his peculiarly chaste and scholarly style, much to the edification of all present who have read the book, and will have the effect of inducing many others to read it. Brother Huntington followed the paper with a brief criticism of the book, venturing the assertion that as a work of art the book was overdrawn; that the only character in it true to nature was Catharine, whose faith not even the undying love of her heart for her husband could weaken or divert from the divine Saviour, whose supernatural manifestation and miraculous powers made him to be the all in all to her soul, even after he discarded the truth in which she found her truest joy; that all the other characters in it are factitious—not true to nature, but the creations of a writer laboring not to paint a true picture, but a picture with all its lineaments overdrawn, for the purpose of eliminating from Christianity all that gives it value and effect—viz., a divine Christ.

This filled the evening, and further discussion was cut off for lack of time. The Association then adjourned to meet in Rohnerville at the time of full moon in May next.

SANTA ANA.

The first Congregational church of Santa Ana was organized and received to fellowship January 18, 1889. Santa Ana is a city of about five thousand inhabitants, with a tributary population of about ten thousand more. It aspires to the rank of county seat, hoping to attain this by the separation of the southern from the northern part of Los Angeles county. Until this time we have had no Congregational church in Santa Ana or its immediate vicinity. Other churches pre-empted the ground in such numbers that it was generally believed there was no room for a Congregational church. But, with the late forward movement in population, it became apparent that the time had come for another church. In September Rev. J. K. Harrison came from Chicago by invitation of Superintendent Ford to begin work there. He was detained at Santa Rosa by the illness of his wife, and it was accepted as the will of the Lord that he should work at Santa Rosa rather than at Santa Ana. About the same time Dr. Harwood, having visited the field, found the way open to plant an academy there, of which his

two daughters, graduates of Oberlin, were placed in charge. This became the forerunner of the church. In December, the holiday season being considered unfavorable for evangelistic services among the churches, Dr. Harwood began preaching there. A canvass for membership resulted in a list of fifty persons who were ready to join the new organization. It was evident to the Council, which met on the 18th inst., that these brethren had organized none too soon; that a Congregational church could now be formed without detriment to the other churches, and to the advantage of the common cause. At the public services the Moderator, Rev. D. D. Hill, read the confession and covenant, to which the members gave their assent. The prayer of recognition was offered by Rev. J. T. Ford. The fellowship of the churches was extended by Rev. L. F. Bickford. Rev. Dr. Fackler of the Presbyterian church, from which thirty of the members came, bade the new church Godspeed. Then followed a charge to the church by the Moderator. The sentiment of the Council was well expressed by one of its members, who said, "I would like to go to Council every week if we could organize every time a church of as much promise as this."

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